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BISHOP CARSWELL AND HIS TIMES.

By the Rev. JOHN DEWAR, B.D., Kilmartin.

III.

IN order that we may see how eminently fitted Carswell was to be the pioneer of the Gospel amongst his fellow-countrymen let us glance at his previous history. Most of the notices that survive are given by Dr Maclauchlan in the Introduction to the Gaelic Translation of John Knox's Liturgy. We find his name enrolled amongst the alumni of the University of St Andrews as early as 1541 as attending the College of St Salvator, the oldest college of the mother University of Scotland, endowed in 1456 by the good Bishop Kennedy. The masters and students lived within the walls of the College, and John Carswell, says Wodrow, took in that year his degree of B.A. He would, according to the custom of those times, go through a course of dialectics, mathematics, and physics, and form an acquaintance with the fathers and schoolmen of the Christian Church—he became “laureat and graduat in philosophy;” in other words he took his degree of M.A. in 1544. St Andrews was the archiepiscopal See of Scotland, an ancient seat of learning, an important and flourishing city, and from this, the centre of papal jurisdiction in Scotland, the Reformation made its appearance. John Knox was teaching there in 1542, and about that time he seems to have avowed his renunciation of Romanism, and about the same time (1543) the people

got liberty to read the Bible in an approved Scots or English translation, and public proclamation was made of the Act in all the chief towns; and John Knox says that the Bible was read to a great extent in Scotland. George Wishart too had come about this time to proclaim the Gospel fearlessly to his countrymen. "Then might have been seen the Bible," says Knox, "lying upon almost every gentleman's table. The New Testament was borne about in many men's hands." No doubt Cardinal Beaton, the great enemy of the Reformation, would do all he could to prevent the liberty amongst the students, but the seeds of the Reformation were very generally disseminated amongst them and throughout the whole country. One of John Carswell's abilities and penetration could not fail to catch the spirit of the times. After completing his course at St Andrews, he joined Lennox in his flight to England—and here, of course, he would find the Reformation principles prevailing everywhere. Still he does not seem to have broken with the Romish Church, for we find that he was soon afterwards acting in the capacity of treasurer of his native diocese. This was an important office, giving him the custody of the sacred vessels, vestments, and ornaments of the Cathedral Church, the charge and custody of the various revenues. His next office was that of Rector of his native parish. The old Castle of Kilmartin is said to have been the residence of the Rectors, so that they must have lived in the same style as the powerful barons. Besides the Church of Kilmartin, Carswell, as Rector, had the charge of two old chapels, the Chapel of Kilbride at Lochgair, and the Chapel of Kilmachumaig at Loch Crinan. He was also Chaplain to the Earl of Argyll. In addition to the Parish of Kilmartin, of which we meet with him as Rector as early as 1553, we find that in 1558 Sir George Clapperton, Chancellor of the Chapel Royal, granted the rectory of the parish of Kingarth in Bute, and that of South Wick, to Mr John Carswell, parson of Kilmartin; and a distinguished knight, Sir John MacVurathie served the cure of Kingarth, as vicar under Carswell, during his life-time. Carswell was afterwards promoted to be Chancellor of the Chapel Royal at Stirling. The Chapel Royal was a richly endowed foundation erected by Pope Alexander VI. in the time of King James the IV. The Dean at this time was Alexander Gordon, Bishop of Galloway, known also as Arch-

bishop of Athens. He had been appointed to the See of the Isles in 1553, and transferred from that to the See of Galloway in 1558, and he was one of the few bishops who joined the Reformation party. As Chancellor of the Chapel Royal Carswell would have the oversight of all schools, particularly the school at Stirling attached to the Chapel Royal. Stirling had showed itself zealous in the cause of Reformation, and as we find the Dean and the Chancellor joining the Reformation party, we may well believe that amongst all classes there was an earnest longing for it. Knox's final return to Scotland was in May 1559, and by August 1560 the work of the Reformer was crowned with success, and the Reformation virtually established in Scotland. John Carswell was in 1560 nominated as Superintendent of Argyle by the congregation assembled in the Great Kirk at Edinburgh; but the proviso was added, "unless the countries whereto they (the superintendents) were appointed could, in the meantime, find out men more able and sufficient, or else show such cause as might make them unable for that dignity." The election had to be carried through by the common consent of lords, barons, ministers, elders, and all others common people present for the time, who were all cited to the place of election (the most central church of the diocese) to assist in the election, and by their votes to consent to it, or else to object to the life and doctrine of the person nominated. He must therefore have already given singular proofs of his eminent qualifications to be the overseer of the Reformed Church in his native diocese. It is not too much to say that he was learned and accomplished, in the highest sense of the word. John Row, the Reformer, an alumnus of St Andrew and contemporary of Carswell, who was afterwards appointed Superintendent of Galloway, while minister of Perth, took charge of the education of gentlemen and noblemen's children who were boarded with him—at school and in the fields they spoke nothing but Latin, and nothing was spoken in his house but French. The portions of Scripture read in the family, if out of the Old Testament, was read in Hebrew, Greek, Latin, French, and English, and the New Testament was read in Greek, Latin, French, and English, and the stipend of this accomplished and learned divine was £16 13s 4d and one chalders of white oats; and when one thinks of the awful picture that Mr

Buckle and Lord Macaulay draw of the unkempt savages that were to be found in our barbarous Highland glens, one would almost incline to the belief that a man of Carswell's attainments must have dropped from the skies instead of having been reared amongst the barbarous Celts. But—

Insolens, andax, facinus nefandum—

it is not too much to say that in spite of Lord Macaulay's well-rounded periods and Mr Buckle's elegant caricatures, the truth must sooner or later prevail. The colouring of all these descriptions is superb and the fancy sublime and the diction faultless. But we should remember that the "Fertile Fancy" of the 19th century can, with equal plausibility, clothe in cartoon the venerable principal of a University, a learned and eloquent divine, with "a tartan kilt and a tartan plaid," and has even ventured to pourtray the premier in the capacity of Hero of the Midlothian campaign, as "ane wild Hielandman," whose brag it was—

All my opponents to grief I bring
With my oratorical Highland fling;
I'd a desperate fight with the bold Buccleuch,
And tried to teach him a thing or two;
For the land of bag-pipes and coarse oatmeal,
I hailed in my speech as *the land o' the leal*;
And there my eloquence was repaid
By an ounce of snuff and some yards of plaid.

The truth is, though, as Dr Cunningham remarks in the St Giles' Lectures, "our Highland glens were regarded then as Siberia is now among the Russians, or as Botany Bay was lately among ourselves," as the Duke of Argyll says in his "Essay on the Ecclesiastical History of Scotland," "The intense excitement occasioned by the circulation of new ideas, the desire of knowledge, and the paramount interest of religious movement produced at that time the closest intercourse between the most distant parts of Europe. The communion of mind was quick and powerful, more than we can well conceive, for whom the improvements of physical science have not done more than was effected by those strong incitements," and the excitement was felt even in the Highlands, which must claim no inglorious share in the Reformation.

The commission given to the Superintendents by the Assembly was to plant kirks, preach, visit kirks, schools, and colleges,

to suspend, deprive, transplant ministers, to confer vacant benefices, to procure the eradication of all monuments of idolatry in the provinces or bounds assigned them. They had also to hold a Synod in the province twice a year, and they had to appear to be tried by the General Assembly, and to report their diligence. They had also jurisdiction in all cases of discipline, the civil and spiritual jurisdiction not being very well defined and distinguished from each other at the time. Carswell laboured under a serious disadvantage, inasmuch as the Gaelic was almost exclusively spoken in his province, and there was as yet no Gaelic Bible. The Bible, which was the favourite version of Puritans and Presbyterians, was the Genevan Bible—the translation of the English refugees who had fled to Geneva from persecution. It was printed in 1557, and is better known as the Breeches Bible from its rendering of Genesis iii. 7. "Then the eyes of them both were opened, and they knew that they were naked, and they sewed fig-leaves together and made themselves *breeches*." The Church, however, early provided a service book for the guidance of ministers and exhorters and readers; it contained forms of prayer for public worship, for marriage, visitation of the sick, for the administration of the sacraments, and an Act of Assembly ordained that every minister, reader, and exhorter should have one of these books. This Act was passed towards the end of the year 1564, and on the 24th day of April 1567 a Gaelic translation of this prayer-book, commonly called John Knox's Liturgy, was printed in Edinburgh and put into circulation. The translator was Mr John Carswell, Bishop of the Isles. It is difficult to estimate the merits of this work—the first Gaelic book ever printed—aright. Carswell candidly confesses that he was deficient in his knowledge of the Gaelic language and in his power of writing it. He says—"I never acquired any knowledge of the Gaelic except as one of the people generally." He says that many would therefore "mock his little work, because that the language wants the polish of the poets, and because the words want force." He had to contend with a further difficulty—"the printer had not one word of Gaelic, but printed by chance or by guess." Thus Carswell makes no pretensions to any excellence in his execution of the work, yet let us apply a test which will show the merits of the translation. Carswell translates the Lord's prayer and the creed, &c. I have by me a translation of the

Confession of Faith by the Synod of Argyll in 1725—the edition in my possession is the third edition of this book, printed in 1757—and annexed to it are the Lord's prayer and the creed, &c. I shall write the Lord's prayer in parallel columns as we find it in Carswell's Liturgy of 1567, and in the edition of the Confession of Faith:—

LORD'S PRAYER.

Carswell, 1567.

Ar Nathairne atá ar neamh
Go mo beandaigthe hainm
Go dtí-dtí dod righe
Goma denta do thoil adtalmhuin
Mar atá ar neamh
Tabhair dhúinn aniu
ar naran laitheamhail
agus maith dhúinn ar bhíacha
amhail mhaithmaoidne
dar bhfeicheamhnuibh
agus na leig a mbuaidhreachd sind
acht saor sind ó ole
óir is leatsa an righe
aneart agus a ngloir
tré bhióth sior.

Confession, 1757.

Ar Nathairne ata air neamh
Go ma beannuigthe hainmsa
Gu dtigeadh do Rioghachdsa
Deantar do thoilse air dtalmhuin
Mar ata air neamh
Tabhair dhuinn a niugh
ar naran laetheamhail
agus maith dhuinne ar bhíacha
anhail mhaithmuid
dar bhfeicheamhnuibh
agus na leig a mbuaidhreachd sinn
Acht saor sinn o ole
oir is leatsa an rioghachd
agus an cumbachd agus an ghloir
gu siorruidh.

I might institute comparisons in the same way between the Apostles' Creed and the Ten Commandments to show conclusively that the powerful mind of Carswell stereotyped the very expressions of the articles of faith of his fellow-countrymen, and that the generations for 200 years after his time could not improve on the very words, many of which, in the absence of any printed authorities, he had to coin.

Carswell's influence has transmitted itself in another direction. In the absence of Bibles, there was no more effectual method of disseminating religious truth than by means of spiritual songs. Carswell composed several, and his verses were long cherished, and cheered the hearts and supported the drooping spirits of many a weary pilgrim in their seasons of trial and sorrow. One of these, his advice to his son, has come down through oral tradition to our own century. He endeavours in it to wean his son from the vanities of the world and fix his heart on the good of his soul and on the necessity of making provision for the solemn hour of death. It is a piece of great beauty and tenderness, and shows, as Dr Maclauchlan well remarks, that "Carswell

had considerable poetical gifts." He seems, too, to have given an impulse to others. Kennedy in his book gives some specimens of the spiritual poetry of one Mac-an-Leora, or Dewar, who flourished about the middle of the next century, and who composed many hymns, elegies, and laments. Two of his laments, which were composed on Argyll after his martyrdom, were long current in the district, "which," says Kennedy, "I heard sung, when I was very young, before I was taught to read or write; the peculiar tone of the laments with that deep and pathetic melody the tone conveyed caused me to shed tears along with the person who sung them." This Dewar lived at Fionnchairn, at the west end of Lochawe, in the immediate neighbourhood of Kilmartin. And for long after the Reformation there was more of religious poetry to be met with within the bounds of the Synod of Argyile than in any other part of the Highlands.

The spirit of Carswell seems to have animated his successors. His successor in the diocese of Argyle seems to have been Neil Campbell, who was also parson of Kilmartin, which was his native parish. It is a pity that we have so little authentic information about the state of Argyleshire at that time; but even contemporaries seemed to know little of what was going on there. In 1586 we find the significant entry in the minutes of the General Assembly—"The Bishops of Argyle and Isles to be subject to attend on Assembly, otherwise they are as in another dominion, which is prejudicial both to the King and Kirk." And even as late as 1596 the Assembly had no information as to the state of the Kirks of Argyle and the Isles, there seem to have been no Presbyteries within the bounds, though the rest of Scotland had been divided into Presbyteries. Still in that clever lampoon on the Bishops published in Neil Campbell's time he is honourably mentioned. I shall only give the last verse of the lampoon:—

Arva Caledonius fraterni ruminat agri
Rarus adis parochos O Catanace tuos.
Solus in Argadiis praesul meritissimus oris
Vera Ministerii symbola solus habet.

Englised thus at the time:—

By chance Dunkel has lighted so
That Jacob he would bee;
But, O, good Catnes, when comes thow
Thy flock to teach or see?

For life and doctrine they may al
 Resigne it to Argill,
 So faith has left the Lowland clean,
 Gone to the hills a while.

Over the doorway of an old roofless caibéal or burying-place in the churchyard of Kilmartin there is a rude inscription which seems to mark the grave of the good Neil Campbell:—

1627.

HEIR . LYIS . MR

NEIL . CAMBEL

AND . CRISTIANE . C.

And he alone of all the Bishops seems to have retained the confidence of the Presbyterian element in the Church, as another lampoon has it concerning this Bishop in his time,

Unus at hic Christi, caetera pars Satanne.
 "Of thir one truelie preaches Christ,
 The rest are divilish seed."

It would thus appear that the labours of Carswell had proved eminently useful and profitable to his native diocese, and the fire which he had kindled continued to burn brightly long after his death.

(To be Continued.)

GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS—ELECTION OF HONORARY CHIEFTAINS.—At a recent meeting the Rev. Dr Thomas Maclauchlan, F.S.A. Scot.; Sheriff Nicolson, LL.D.; and Mr Colin Chisholm, ex-President of the Gaelic Society of London, were unanimously elected Honorary Chieftains of the Society. This is the highest honour at the disposal of the members, and, under Rule III. of the Constitution, can only be conferred on "distinguished men" in the Celtic cause, "to the number of seven." The honour has been conferred on Drs Maclauchlan and Nicolson in recognition of their valuable literary labours in the Celtic field, and on Mr Chisholm on the more general ground of his many services to the same cause in London and Inverness, which include no inconsiderable amount of good work in our own pages and elsewhere. The other Honorary Chieftains are—Sir Kenneth S. Mackenzie of Gairloch, Bart.; Professor John Stuart Blackie; Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, F.S.A. Scot., M.P.; and Colonel Cluny Macpherson of Cluny, C.B. At the same meeting a paper by Captain Macra Chisholm of Glassburn, on the Antiquity of Tartan; and a beautiful elegy on the late Rev. Alexander Macgregor, M.A., were read to the members, for both of which the authors were cordially thanked. We shall probably publish the Elegy in an early issue.

THE WITCH AND THE CRIPPLE TAILOR.

MANY years ago there lived in a solitary but beautiful Highland glen, a strong, fierce-looking old woman, who had the name of being well posted up in witchcraft, and accused of being in full communion with the dark spirits abroad. Every accident or misfortune that happened to either man or beast was laid to this old woman's charge. Altogether, she was an object of fear and terror in the locality. Old Christy (as she was commonly called) lived in a small, thatched cottage, beside a roaring brook, at the upper end of the glen, and at a respectable distance from all the other dwellings of the place. Late travellers often maintained that they met her crossing the moor, between the late and early, not in human shape, but in that of a hare or goat, as it was firmly believed in those days that witches possessed the power of transforming themselves into various characters, and of assuming the outward appearance of several animals. Christy could enjoy a glass of good whisky or a pinch of snuff as well as any Highlander in the country.

And, with all her other peculiarities, she was exceedingly fond of nuts. She always had a bag of well-dried nuts hanging near her fire-place, on account of which she was familiarly known throughout the country as *Caileach nan cnò*. But at long last she took very unwell, and her trouble was very likely to prove fatal, and finish her earthly career. And in case of being taken unawares, she called her friends to her bedside, and laid down a long programme before them, as to the shape and quality of her death-shroud and coffin, the number of people to be at her funeral, and the amount of whisky to be consumed on that occasion. She also gave them strict instructions that they would be sure to bury her bag of nuts at her head in the church-yard.

Her friends had no hesitation as to her future abode, and after her death they acted up to the letter of the foregoing programme, because they were not sure, on account of her long and friendly relations with "Auld Nick," but he might grant her a special license to visit them in a much less agreeable form than she had been in the habit of doing.

But there lived a certain plucky young man in the place who had not much faith in the old lady's strength of character. He also was very fond of nuts, and he thought to himself that it was a pity to allow the good nuts to waste in the grave at the old woman's head. Acting up to this impulse he made up his mind to lift the nuts, and accordingly, when the rest of the family retired for the night, he took his spade upon his shoulder and made for the churchyard. It was a very dark night, and when he was approaching his destination, he accidentally met a bad character, a man who had the name of being a sheep-stealer, and they came so close upon one another in the dark that they could not retract.

"Hallo," said the sheep-stealer to the young fellow, "where are you going at this time of night with your spade?"

"Well," said the young fellow, "it does not matter much where I am going, but I know perfectly well where you are going; you are going to steal a sheep, and as both of us happen to be in a queer predicament, I'll tell you where I am going. I am going to lift the old woman's nuts, and if you give me half the sheep you steal, I'll give you half the nuts."

"Very good," said the sheep-stealer, "I am quite willing that we share the spoil between us."

"Be off, then," said the young fellow, "and I'll sit in the churchyard cracking the nuts till you return."

We shall now take a short farewell of the young fellow and the sheep-stealer, and have a look at the "Cripple tailor." The tailor was quite a character in the place, particularly on account of his inexhaustible stock of old stories. He had no strength in his limbs, but he was in the habit of using a small board under each knee and under each hand, and in that manner he would walk, or rather crawl, from house to house wherever he had work to do.

On this particular night he happened to be working at a house not more than sixty yards' distance from the churchyard; and as usual on such occasions, the house was full of eager listeners. The tailor was at his best, describing the strange proceedings of witches, fairies, and ghosts. At last, one of the party asked for a drink of water, and there did not happen to be any water in the house at the time. But one of the young men

present volunteered to go to the well, which was only about six yards from the gate of the churchyard. When our young friend was approaching it he heard a nut cracked. He stood and listened, and heard the second cracked. He did not wait to hear a third. He ran home, his eyes almost jumping out of their sockets, and in a very excited manner declared "that the old woman was sitting in the churchyard cracking the nuts at the hardest."

The effect of this speech was a burst of laughter from the whole company. He was called an old wife himself, an ass, a coward, and such like. A second hero went with manly step and firm resolution, but, exactly like his former friend, when he was approaching the well he heard a nut cracked. He stood and heard the second crack quite distinctly. Nor was more evidence required; he ran home like a madman, and swore by all the powers above and below, that Christy was there most certainly and no mistake.

"Well," said the cripple tailor, "I have been in many a part of the globe, but I declare that I never came across such a houseful of cowards as you fellows are. If I had the use of my limbs, I would bring home a bucket of water, though all the old women in the churchyard were sitting up and cracking nuts."

"Well, my friend," said a big sturdy sailor, sitting right opposite the tailor, "I'll carry you on my back."

"Come on, then," said the tailor.

The cripple tailor took a firm hold of the bucket in his hand; the big fellow got him on his back, and off they went. But exactly like their former friends, when nearing the well, they heard a nut crack.

"Did you hear that?" said the sailor.

"Yes," said the tailor, "I heard that."

"Shall I go on with you?" said the sailor.

"Yes," said the tailor, "you'll go a bittie yet."

They heard the second nut crack. "Did you hear that?" said the sailor.

"Ye-yes," said the tailor, "I heard that; I'm afraid she's there."

"Shall I go on with you?" answered the sailor.

"Yes," said the tailor, "you'll go a small bittie yet."

By this time the young fellow was wearying that his friend of the sheep was not coming, and he stood up in the churchyard

to see if there were any signs of him. When he saw the sailor approaching with the cripple tailor on his back, he concluded at once that it was his friend with the sheep, and in a deep, strong voice he roared, "Is he fat?"

"Fat or lean," said the sailor, and at the same time, suiting his action to his word, he took hold of the cripple tailor by the back—"Fat or lean," said he, "there he is to you," pitching the poor tailor right into the churchyard.

The big sailor took to his heels, and the cripple tailor arrived home after him, bespattered with mud and mire, without bucket or water; and if not a wiser man, he certainly was a much less bouncing hero than before he left.

EDINBURGH.

N. MACLEOD.

TO MRS CAROLINE CHISHOLM, "THE EMIGRANTS' FRIEND."

The following lines were composed by Mr Robert Lowe, now Lord Sherbrooke, to Mrs Chisholm, and they appeared in the *Sydney Spectator* of 28th February 1846. Many of our readers will now peruse them with pleasure :—

The guardian angel of her happy sex,
Whom no fatigue could daunt, no crosses vex ;
With manly reason, and with spirit pure,
Crowned with the blessings of the grateful poor ;
For them with unrepining love she bore
The boarded cottage and the earthen floor,
The sultry day in tedious labour spent,
The endless tale of whining discontent ;
Bore noonday's burning sun and midnight's chill,
The scanty meal, the journey lengthening still ;
Lavish'd her scanty store on their distress,
And sought no other guerdon than success.
Say, ye who hold the balance and the sword,
(Into your lap the wealth of nations pour'd)
What have you done with all your hireling brood,
Compared with her the generous and the good ?
Much ye receive, and little ye dispense,
Your alms are paltry and your debts immense.
Your toil's reluctant—freely hers is given ;
You toil for earth, she labours still for Heaven.

THE SCULPTURED STONES OF ROSS AND CROMARTY.

By Captain COLIN MACKENZIE, F.S.A. Scot.

VII.

NEXT to the mirror and comb, as I said, is the figure of a mounted female. She sits upon what appears to be a kind of side-saddle, and she holds the reins in her right hand. She faces the near side of the horse, and the feet are represented close together and apparently covered with shoes, but no stirrup is visible. Her hair falls in plaits on each side of her head, her dress reaches to her feet, and a pleated plaid goes round her shoulders, crosses her breast, and falls down on each side nearly to the skirt of her dress. Between her two hands she holds a circular object, perhaps some description of hat. Abreast of her horse on the off side is another horse, but, as the female figure intervenes, no rider is visible. Behind the female figure is a dog, apparently in the act of springing; and behind that again two footmen, standing, and blowing long horns. They are dressed in tunics descending to just below the knee, and pleated plaids pass round their shoulders, cross their breasts, and fall to the ground on either side. Their hair is worn long behind, and the horns which they blow resemble those of the existing Highland cattle, but seem larger. Owing to the abrasion of parts of the Hilton slab, Dr Stewart's sketch does not exactly define the position in which these horns are held, but, from a photograph in my possession, I am of opinion that it is with their convex sides uppermost. Two nearly similar trumpeters, but only holding their horns in the opposite manner, are found on the Aberlemno cross (No. 3), together with horsemen and hounds in pursuit of deer. These trumpeters upon the Hilton and Aberlemno stones are therefore nothing more nor less than the "*venatores tubicinantes*" (the horn-blowing hunters), regarding whom—together with unclean apes, fierce lions, &c.—St Bernard cautioned William, Abbot of Thierry, in the twelfth century, and denounced their appearance in Christian sculpture. The horn was used by our ancestors both in the chase and in war. An armed horseman, blowing a horn, appears upon a stone at Dunkeld, and three pedestrian horn-blowers are seen in the

battle scene depicted on "Sueno's Stone," or the cross at Forres.*

* We learn from the Bible that trumpets were used at festivities, to give alarms, to assemble troops, to summon cities, and to produce panics, as in the case of Gideon. Some of these undoubtedly must have been simply made from the horns of oxen, like those used in various parts of the East at the present day. It was when the priests blew upon the trumpets of ram's horns that the walls of Jericho fell down. Horns were used for purposes of giving alarms as well as striking the shield, and for gathering calls and challenging among the Celts. Ossian (in Temora) describes Fingal and Cathmor recalling their troops by the sound of the horn, and Dermid challenging Foldath to single combat by blowing a blast on his father's horn and striking his shield thrice. Armstrong (*Gael. Dict.*) quotes—Corn caismeachd an rìgh, *the king's sounding horn*. Mr Dauneay in his charming and exhaustive introduction to the *Ancient Scottish Melodies* says :—"With the ancient inhabitants of Scotland, whether Picts or Celts, Saxons or Scandinavians, we believe that the horn was perhaps the oldest military instrument. 'In battle (says Pinkerton, speaking of the Scandinavian nations) the horn was chiefly used down to the fourteenth century.'" The horn is frequently noticed in the Sagas, but one quotation from Olaf tryggvison's Saga will suffice for the present purpose, and I shall give it from Longfellow's poetical adaptation :—

" 'Sound the horns !' said Olaf the King ;
And suddenly through the drifting brume
The blare of the horns began to ring.

.....
Louder and louder the war-horns sang
Over the level floor of the flood ;
All the sails came down with a clang.

.....
Louder the war-horns growl and snarl,
Sharper the dragons bite and sting !
Eric, the son of Hakon Jarl,
A death-drink salt as the sea
Pledges to thee,
Olaf the King !"

Mr Dauneay continues :—"Many delineations of this instrument are to be found among Strutt's illustrations of the ancient Anglo-Saxon manners and customs, and many of the horns themselves are still extant. They generally united the purposes of a drinking cup with those of an instrument for the emission of sound." Mr Macintyre North, in his *Book of the C'ub of True Highlanders*, has figured several old Celtic horns, one of which, with an ornamented rim, and formed of plates of bronze, greatly resembles the shape of the horns of the stones. He also quotes from the *Book of Aneurin* :—"The horn given thee by Urien with the wreath of gold around its rim, blow in it if thou art in danger. . . . Around are heard the curved horns." From the fact of the curved horns being mentioned, I believe that Urien's gift was an ox horn surmounted with gold, and that the horns depicted on the standing stones were of the same description. I have a curious sounding-horn in my own possession, formed of a cow's horn, ornamented, and bearing the date 1587. It has a pin to screw into and close the mouth-piece, and thus convert it into a drinking horn. Mr Dauneay further writes :—"With our Scottish troops, in former times, it was customary for every man in the host to carry a horn 'slung round his neck, in the manner of hunters,' the blasts of which,

Below the female figure and the trumpeters are the figures of two mounted Pictish warriors, whose horses move at an ambulant pace, in the same direction as that of the female figure, viz., from

together with the furious yells with which they were accompanied, not only served to drown the cries of the wounded and dying, but sometimes struck terror into the enemy. That the Scots were more than usually expert at these practices, we have the testimony of Froissart in several of his descriptions. One occasion of their employing these horns was within their encampments at night; as the same historian tells us, in detailing the particulars of Edward III.'s first expedition against the Scots. 'They made immense fires, and about midnight, such a blasting and noise with their horns, that it seemed as if all the devils from hell had been there.' This was a night in August 1337; and the following evening it appears that the performance was repeated. Barbour, in his 'Bruce,' alludes to the same custom:—

' For me to morne her, all the day
Sall mak as mery as we may :
And mak us boun agayn the nycht,
And than ger mak our fyrs lycht ;
And blaw our hornys, and mak far,
As all the world our awne war.' "

Polybius (B. ii. c. 2) describes the advance of the Gauls against the Romans as follows:—"For, besides their horns and trumpets, the number of which was almost infinite, the whole army broke out together into such loud and continued cries, that the neighbouring places everywhere resounded, and seemed to join their voices with the shouts and clamour of the instruments and soldiers." The Bible tells us of Gideon's stratagem for defeating the Midianites, in Judges vii. 20:—"And the three companies blew the trumpets, and brake the pitchers, and held the lamps in their left hands, and the trumpets in their right hands to blow withal: and they cried, The sword of the Lord and of Gideon." Trumpets and fires were also used as warning signals, as we read in Jeremiah vi. 1 that the children of Benjamin are warned to "blow the trumpet in Tekoa, and set up a sign of fire in Beth-haccarem: for evil appeareth out of the north, and great destruction." In the Orkneying Saga, when Swein Aslief's son sees a large number of foes coming in the gloaming to burn him in his house, he and his men run to a neighbouring hill and from thence defend themselves. "They had a horn which they sounded." The country people rally to the call and the enemy are beaten off. The word used in the Saga is *lúdr*, and the signal horn of the Shetland fishermen is to this day called by them the "ludr-horn." Only recently, during the trouble in the South of Ireland, horns have been blown during the day and fires lighted by night to summon the peasantry to resist evictions. Truly, history repeats itself. Representations of the horn are to be found both in Egyptian and Assyrian art. Allusions to what Wordsworth calls the "wreathed horn" of Triton—the conch shell—are common to both Greek and Latin poets. Dr Smith thinks that the Lat. *cornu* (Gr. *kepas*) was originally made of horn. The horn plays an important part in all Aryan mythological traditions, from Hindostan to Scandinavia. The "bugle-horn" pervades our heroic ballads, just as the "stock-horn" and shepherd's pipe do our lyric poetry. Pope perhaps did not fully calculate the effect of his truism when he wrote in the *Dunciad*,

"Pan to Moses lends his pagan horn,"

right to left as one looks at the stone. These horsemen apparently wear short skirts or kilts, and pleated plaids over their shoulders which cross the breast and fall down on either side. They wear the peaked beard and the long hair, curled upward at the end, which are so characteristic of the Pictish race, and as usual their heads are bare. They are armed in the accustomed Pictish manner, with a round shield, or targaid, on the left arm, the short sword fixed on the left side, and a spear held, advanced, in the right hand. They ride on peaked saddles, which reach almost to the horses' croupes, and the reins, headstalls, and girths are plainly distinguishable. No stirrups are seen, and though they are probably represented as wearing shoes, these are not plainly distinguishable.* Below the figures of the horsemen there appears

The "horn" is present throughout a multitude of languages. *Hebrew*, kern, keren; *Ethiopic*, karn, karan; *Syriac*, karn, karen; *Arabic*, kurn; *Persian*, kurnæ; *Greek*, kepas, kaprov; *Latin*, cornu; *French*, corne, cornet; *Spanish*, cuerno; *Gaelic*, Irish, Welsh, corn; *Armorican*, corn, gorn; *English*, Anglo-Saxon, Old Saxon, German, Icelandic, Swedish, Danish, Norwegian, horn; *Gothic*, haurm; *Dutch*, horen, hoorn. The change from the *k* or *c* to the *h* in the Teuto-Gothic tongues is one of the illustrations of what is known as Grimm's Law. This law is most amusingly set forth by the late Lord Neaves in a piece of poetry written, I believe, for *Blackwood's Magazine*. The particular change which I have mentioned is thus alluded to:—

"Even KA, when they tried it, they never came nearer
Than to HA or to GA, or to something still queerer.

If your wife in her *καρδια* would give you a cornu,
The Midden-man said, 'In her Heart she would Horn you.'"

* The sculptured figures of horsemen are found in Pictland proper, most frequently in the counties of Perth and Forfar; less so in those of Fife, Kincardine, Elgin, and Ross; while only one example each appears in Banff and Aberdeen, and these are very rude and simply incised. Aberdeenshire is one of the oldest sites of civilisation in Scotland, and is most prolific in hieroglyphical pillar stones; but its crosses are few, and cannot compare with those of later founded, and apparently more favoured ecclesiastical centres. Outlying examples of these Pictish figures are found in Lanark, Renfrew, and Dumbarton, and the Island of Eileanmore, Argyleshire; which, though beyond the limits of latter-day Pictland, show that the race still maintained some influence in these parts, through which they must have passed in their journey north-eastward. The figures are found sometimes alone, sometimes in pairs, sometimes in in groups, and on one stone three horsemen are represented riding abreast. Often they are represented hunting the stag and hind with dogs. They are only found upon crosses and sarcophagi, and never upon rude pillars. Upon a cross at Scoonie, Fifeshire, an Ogham inscription runs right through the centre of a hunting scene, yet none of the characters interfere with the figures, and it is conjectured that they are both of the same date. The dress of the mounted Pictish warrior seems to have been a short skirt or pleated kilt, coming down to just above the knee, but it is possible that he

a galloping hind attacked by hounds. She has what appears to be the shaft of a spear sticking in her side ; one dog seizes her

wore short drawers underneath this when riding ; indeed, figures at Meikle, Perth, and Edderton, Ross, are represented as clad in these drawers, which reach only half-way down the thigh. Occasionally he is represented as having a plaid wound round his shoulders, as at Hilton, Kirriemuir, St Andrew's, and Menmuir. Short cloaks were also worn, which may be observed on the Meikle and Rossie crosses. Men in cloaks with hoods drawn over their heads, and who, carrying no arms, I take to be ecclesiastics, are to be seen upon the "Priests' Stone" at Dunfallandy, and on the St Madoes and Eileanmore crosses. Some figures wear shoes, which are easily recognisable, as at Meikle, but on other stones they are not so readily to be discerned. The Pictish riding shoe or boot rose in two long tongues from the instep and the heel, and reached to above the ankle, leaving a large V-like aperture open at the sides. The Pict combed his hair back, high over his forehead, and allowed it to fall in wavy masses on each side to below the ears (judging from the full face figures on the Aberlemno crosses and the St Andrews sarcophagus), while behind it hung below the nape of his neck, and curled upwards at the extremities. No description of hat seems to have been worn. When the Pict went to war or the chase, he carried a round shield, or targaid, on his left arm, a short sword on his right thigh, and a long spear, at the full length of his arm, point forwards, in his right hand. The only exceptions to this order which I have found upon the standing crosses are as follows : At Aberlemno a horseman hurls a spear with his left hand, and on a fragment at Drainie a foot soldier (much abraded) carries a round object, presumably a shield, on his right arm. In every other case I have found the rule hold good. The shield was round and occasionally a rim is shown round the edge, and a circular boss in the centre. In one specimen three concentric circles are to be seen within the circumference. The sword was short and broad, with a cross hilt and a knob on the pommel. On one occasion it resembles a couteau-de-chasse, and on another the scabbard has a large circular termination. The spear was long, often with a heavy head. It was sometimes carried across the body, the shaft resting on the pommel of the saddle ; or it could be slung to the rear, with the point upwards in a sloping direction. When attacking (judging from the evidence afforded by the stones) the spear was held above the head and either thrown or darted at the enemy. On the Aberlemno cross (No. 2), as I have already said, a horseman is represented throwing a light spear or lance. Below this a horseman with upraised spear, grasped a little way behind the middle, attacks three foot soldiers, who are drawn up three deep, one behind the other. The first carries a shield and a sword at the slope over his right shoulder ; the second is armed with a shield and spear, the latter of which he holds near the butt at the long trail, the point thus projecting considerably in front of his front-rank man ; the third does not appear to be armed. The second figure wears a broad-brimmed low-crowned hat, and affords the solitary example I know of a hat being worn by any of the figures depicted on the Pictish standing crosses. It may therefore be conjectured that these foot soldiers represent foreigners, possibly Northmen, but this, of course, is open to many objections. Pictish mounted warriors also appear upon "Sueno's Stone" at Forres, but they are too much weathered for their style of armament to be recognised. The Pictish saddle was furnished with square flaps, and in some cases reached back nearly to the horse's croup. The saddle-cloth was peaked and hung down almost below the rider's feet, indeed at Ballutheron it falls considerably lower ; it was sometimes pleated either vertically or diagonally, and

just behind the fore leg, while the other is in the act of fastening upon her haunch. Dr Stewart thinks that these dogs resemble greyhounds.*

examples may be found on stones at Meikle and Kirriemuir. Characteristic headstalls and bits may be seen at Kirriemuir and St Madoes, and bridles furnished with single and double rings at St Madoes and Inchbrayoc, all greatly resembling specimens figured by Dr Wilson in his *Prehistoric Annals of Scotland*. The double girth and the crupper in use are well exemplified on the cross at Kirriemuir, but no stirrups seem to have been used. Some time since, the earth which encumbered the base of the Edderton cross was removed by the Rev. Dr Joass of Golspie, F.S.A. Scot., and the incised figures of the horsemen were brought to light. The earth has evidently preserved these figures in a large degree from injury or weathering by the elements, and at first I was inclined to think that the two lines which pass under the foot of each horseman were stirrups, but on further consideration I am of opinion that they merely represent the peaked saddle-cloth. The Pictish horses are represented with long flowing tails, and closely cropped manes in the Roman fashion, and they are often sculptured with a great deal of spirit, as for instance at Meikle and Kirriemuir. Logan writes:—"The ancient Caledonians were celebrated for the use of horses in war. Their descendants neglected this arm, without entirely disusing it. . . . Mac Murrough's horse cost 400 cows, but he rode without either stirrups or saddle. The Celtic riders do not appear to have used these articles. A bridle seems to be indispensable. . . . Sometimes a single rein is seen; and a cord, or fillet, is in some cases carried once or twice round the neck. . . . The Irish, notwithstanding they neither used stirrups nor saddle, were very expert equestrians. . . . About two hundred years ago they occasionally used a pad without stirrups. . . . The Gallic, German, and Scythian horsemen [the Picts claimed to have come from Scythia], as seen in the remains of ancient sculpture, wore the sagum, thrown over the naked shoulders, and enveloping the rider much like the cloak of the modern cavalry. They carried a shield and javelin, to which a sword was sometimes added. Similar arms were borne by the British tribes, and retained until late ages by the inhabitants of Wales. The Irish, in the beginning of the seventeenth century, used also a staff." A figure in a conical cap, and carrying a staff or spear with a round knob at the end, is to be seen on a rude stone at Rhynie, Aberdeen; and another in Pictish dress, bearing a knobbed staff in the left hand, occurs on the Kirriemuir cross (No. 3).

* Logan says:—"Dogs were employed by the Gauls both in hunting and in war. The Celtic dogs were excellent in the chase, and those of the Britons were superior to all others. They were so much esteemed that great numbers were exported, not only to Gaul but to Italy, being highly valued by the Romans. [Strabo.] They excelled in swiftness, a quality for which all Celtic dogs were celebrated. [Arrian.] Those of the Belgæ, Segusi, and Sicambri, were next in value to the British. . . . Ovid uses *gallicus canis* for a greyhound. The Scots dogs were celebrated all over Europe. [Symachus]." Again, in other places, he states:—"There were a sort of very large and fierce creatures, called wolf-dogs, being a cross from the two animals. [Pliny.] They appear to have resembled the Irish wolf-dogs. . . . The Irish greyhounds that were used for hunting the wolf are described as having been bigger of limb and bone than a colt." Now the term used by Dr Stewart is obviously misleading. Logan's Celtic dog, or *gallicus canis*, and his Irish wolf-dog (bigger than a colt), to both of which he applies the designation of "greyhound," must not be taken to be greyhounds

The bottom panel is filled with a finely executed and well preserved pattern of concentric scroll-work, the lower portion of which is unfortunately awanting.

Having now fully described one side of the slab, we turn to the other. Dr Stewart says :—"The stone at Hilton of Cadboll is one of three which stood at no great distance from each other, on the low coast of Ross-shire, on the north side of the Cromarty Firth[?] They are, perhaps, the most remarkable in Scotland for their elaborate finish and varied representation. . . . The stone is referred to by Cordiner in his *Antiquities and Scenery of the North of Scotland*, pp. 65-66, London, 1780, and in his '*Remarkable Ruins*,' London, 1788, in which last work it is engraved." Books like Cordiner's are not to be had access to except at rare intervals, or by those blessed with rare opportunities, and I greatly regret that I have been unable to procure a sight of Cordiner's works, as I should have much liked to quote his observations concerning the Ross-shire stones. Hugh Miller, however, in his *Scenes and Legends of the North of Scotland*, 1834, thus notices the Hilton slab :—"The obelisk at Hilton, though perhaps the

in the modern acceptance of the word ; that is to say as meaning the race of dogs with which we now course the hare. Of the Irish wolf-dog, one solitary representation (and one which in my mind it is impossible to regard as anything else) is incised upon a fragment at Newbiggin, Aberdeenshire, along with the mirror, comb, and combcase (?) symbols. After comparing the various sculptures of dogs upon the Pictish stones, studying their features and peculiarities, and contrasting their size relatively with that of the deer they pursue, I can come to no other conclusion than that these dogs represented a breed of which the Scottish deer-hound is the descendant, and which is still world-famous for strength, swiftness, courage, and devotion. "White-breasted Bran" was the dog of Fingal. Sculptures of the stag-hunt with horse and hound are found in the Pictish counties of Forfar, Fife, Elgin, and Ross, and there is one outlying example in Renfrew. It therefore appears that this species of hunting was confined to the lower lying parts of the country. On many stones, also, there are representations of archers shooting deer, which was probably the manner in which they were attacked on foot and killed in the mountains, and which was the parent of that purest form of true Highland sport, *deerstalking*. Indeed, Logan, writing in 1831, states that seventy years previously (*i.e.*, about 1760) a poacher was detected who had long eluded capture, through never bringing down his quarry but with the silent bow. The same author quotes Lindsay of Pitscottie's accounts of the hunting of James V. with the Earl of Athole, in the great forest of Athole, in 1529. Pennant quotes, from William Barclay's *Contra Monarchomachos*, a most interesting description of the Earl of Athole's hunting match in honour of Mary, Queen of Scots, in 1563, when she was but twenty-one years of age, and must have been in the full bloom of youth and beauty. The districts of Athole, Badenoch, Mar, Moray, &c., were driven, and finally two thousand red deer, besides roe and fallow, defiled past the Queen, as the old writer describes, "in some-

most elegant of its class in Scotland, is less known than any of the other two [Shandwick and Nigg], and it has fared more hardly. For, about two centuries ago, it was taken down by some barbarous mason of Ross, who converted it into a tombstone, and, erasing the neat mysterious hieroglyphics of one of the sides, engraved on the place which they had occupied a rude shield and label, and the following laughable inscription; no bad specimen, by the bye, of the taste and judgment which could destroy so interesting a monument, and of that fortuitous species of wit which lies within the reach of accident, and of accident alone:—

HE. THAT. LIVES. WEIL. DYES. WEIL. SAYS. SOLOMON. THE. WISE.

HEIR. LYES. ALEXANDER. DVFF. AND. HIS. THRIE. WIVES.

The side of the obelisk which the chisel has spared is surrounded by a broad border, embossed in a style of ornament that would hardly disgrace the friese of an Athenian portico; the centre is thickly occupied by the figures of men, some on horseback, some afoot—of wild and tame animals, musical instruments, and weapons of war and of the chase." Through information obligingly furnished by the Rev. George Macdonald, minister of Rosskeen,

thing like battle order." The account winds up thus:—"It was of those that had been separated that the Queen's dogs and those of the nobility made slaughter. There were killed that day 360 deer, with 5 wolves and some roes." This shows how scarce wolves had become. Captain Burt, who wrote in the early part of the last century, describes two modes of deer hunting. The first of these was by making a wide circle round the hill upon which the game was supposed to be, and gradually contracting it till the summit was reached and the quarry killed. This was nothing more or less than the "Tiuchill" [Gael. and Ir. *Timchioll*—a circuit] to which Scott alludes in the *Lady of the Lake*—

"We'll quell the savage mountaineer,
As their Tinchel cows the game."

He further describes this mode of hunting in *Waverley*.—"The active assistants spread through the country far and near, forming a circle, technically called the *tinchel*, which, gradually closing, drove the deer in herds together towards the glen, where the chiefs and principal gentlemen lay in wait for them." Old Lindsay of Pitcottle (before mentioned) also notices the "Tinchill." "After this there followed nothing but slaughter in this realm, every party ilk one lying in wait for one another, as they had been setting *tinchills* for the slaughter of wild beasts." The other method mentioned by Captain Burt was adaptable to heavily timbered districts, and consisted in driving the woods forward with a large number of men, gentlemen with guns being posted at the further end to give an account of the game. This system is still in vogue wherever woods or plantations are so thick and dense as to preclude the dislodgement of the deer by other means. But the "Tinchill" itself is by no means dead, as some who practice true sport know to their cost.

I am able to state that there exists, besides the above inscription (which is given alike by Hugh Miller and Dr Stewart), the date 1676, and the name of "A. Duff," and the initials of his three wives, as below—

A	DVF
K	S
C	V
H	V

It is remarkable that, in the description of the parish of Fearn, the *New Statistical Account* (which, under the head of "Antiquities," simply quotes the *Old Statistical Account*), should make no reference whatever to the Hilton slab; while in the description of the adjoining parish of Nigg, after describing the crosses of Nigg and Shandwick, it is remarked thus—"The stone at Hilton is in the parish of Fearn." It was therefore the duty of the chronicler of Fearn, and not of Nigg, to have noticed the stone, and it is a great pity he did not do so. The Hilton slab, however, need not fear neglect as heretofore, having been removed to a place of safety. Through the courtesy of the Rev. Hugh Fraser, minister of Fearn, I am able to quote from some written notes collected by Mr Denoon, a respected inhabitant of Hilton, as follows:—"This stone originally stood, or was placed, in a sloping position sideways, in the chapel park, at the east end of Hilton, about 50 yards from the foot of the hill and 140 yards from the sea-shore. It was removed about 18 years ago [1863?] at the instance of Mr Macleod of Cadboll, and taken away on a cart, prepared for the purpose, to the pleasure grounds at Invergordon Castle, where it may be seen at present. It is about 8 feet long, $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet broad, and 8 inches thick." The Rev. Mr Macdonald writes:—"It stands to the S.W. of Invergordon Castle, about a quarter of a mile on the north side of the west approach to the Castle, quite close to the American Gardens. The height of the stone is seven feet ten inches, and the breadth four feet. It is square at the top, and there lies what appears to be a fragment of it close by." I have not, unfortunately, had an opportunity of examining the stone myself, and I know the difficulty of obtaining accurate measurements without proper appliances, and due time being allowed for comparison of results, but I rely upon Mr Macdonald's figures as being substantially cor-

rect. Dr Stewart further observes :—" A country tradition assigns to them [the Hilton, Shandwick, and Nigg stones] a common origin, as the memorials of three Danish princes who were buried here. The stone at Hilton has, at some former period, been taken down and converted into a gravestone, and it now lies in a shed, the wall of which is believed to form part of an ancient chapel." Mr Denoon illustrates the above as follows :—" The ruins of a chapel can still be seen where the stone was originally placed, and when I came here about 30 years ago [1851 ?], the walls of the chapel were still standing, and inside these walls might be seen one or two stone wash-pots [fonts-piscinæ—or holy water basins ?], and at the west end of the chapel was a small house or porch which contained the stone referred to. The whole edifice was surrounded by a stone dyke, at the outside of which was a broad ditch made for the purpose of keeping the chapel and burying-ground dry, and the most of us here remember when the Hilton people used to bury their still-born and unbaptised children around the chapel, and till this day few or none of them will venture to go near the place after it gets dark. The said Alexander Duff is supposed to be the priest who last officiated in the chapel, but few believe that the priest had any wives, and it's not very likely that his remains lie where the stone was first placed. It is said that some great man of Dutch or Danish extract had been drowned or killed near Hilton, and that the stone was placed over his remains. But the oldest and best informed of the natives maintain that the stone was placed over the remains of a son of the King of Denmark." I shall not go into the question of the Danish tradition now, but I shall consider it after describing the Shandwick and Nigg crosses. But though not actually going into the history, traditional or analytical, of the Hilton slab, we may at least consider whether it bears in itself any external evidence as to the person or persons whom we may suppose it commemorates. Dr Stewart says :—" It has been suggested that the occurrence of the mirror and comb on the stone at Hilton of Cadboll, where a female on horseback is also represented, may be held to support the view just referred to [viz., that the mirror and comb symbolise a female interment.] The scene in which these figures occur is that of a hunt where mounted horsemen also are figured, so that it seems difficult to

restrict the application of the symbols to the female figures; while the mirror and comb are found on the stone at St Vigeans, where any reference to a female seems excluded." But in another place Dr Stewart states that Mrs H. Gray (*Sepulchres of Ancient Etruria*, p. 492) "gives the drawing of a lady's tomb on which appears the representation of a combat, obviously as a picture, and not as characterising the person commemorated." These two statements seem somewhat at variance with each other, but I am inclined to regard the fact of a mirror and comb appearing upon the same slab, with the representation of a hunt as symbolical of a double interment. It must be remembered that there are *two* horses depicted, and that the lady rides the near horse; the sculptor, therefore, has probably been unable to represent the figure of her husband, who would naturally ride on the off side. Indeed, for the matter of that, one of the mounted horsemen might be meant to represent the husband. The tomb above which the Hilton slab was raised, I, therefore, believe to have been that of a lord and his lady, the hunt symbolising the exploits of the former, and the mirror and comb the latter. The mirror and comb also occur upon a cross at Kirriemuir, along with the figure of a Celtic judge, or more probably an ecclesiastic, who is seated in a chair, the back of which is surmounted by animals' heads, while beside this figure is the representation of a sword which occupies a small compartment by itself, and is upon the opposite side of the face of the stone from the mirror and comb symbol. But here again I find nothing but the fact of a husband and wife interred together and commemorated upon the same slab. Even supposing the figure really to be that of an ecclesiastic, it must be remembered that the Pictish lay abbots both married and fought, as for instance Crinan, Abbot of Dunkeld, and Abbot [or Abthane as Fordun calls him] of Dul, who married Beatrice [Bethok or Betowe in the *Chronicle of the Picts and Scots*], daughter of Malcolm MacKenneth, King of Scotland, and was killed in 1045 [see *Annals of Ulster and Tighernac*] fighting with Macbeath. I see nothing inconsistent in the theory of a mirror and comb symbolising a female interment, but on the contrary, judging by the evidence afforded by the tomb of Prioress Anna at Iona which bears the double comb, the mirror without a handle, and the date of 1543, I think we have much right to assume that they do. (To be continued.)

A MAIDEN AT EVENING BY THE SEA.

Divided, my love?—Oh, never! Oh, never!
 A thousand seas could never divide,
 The width of the world is powerless to sever,
 Hearts that like ours are so closely allied.
 At twilight I come, and with tender emotion,
 I commune with thee in thy far distant clime,
 I list to the voice of the whispering ocean,
 Hearing thy words in its anthem sublime.

I love, dear, to wander in yonder green meadow,
 Dappled with amber, and roseate, and white,
 When the fitful changes of sun and shadow
 Flit like the spirits of darkness and light.
 The fresh green leaves and each blade and blossom,
 The harebell blue and the primrose pale,
 The daisies like stars on the earth's green bosom,
 Quivering with joy in the balmy gale.

The golden sunshine around me streaming,
 The west so bright with each rainbow hue,
 The glowing red in the azure gleaming
 Like coral caves in the ocean blue.
 The dewdrop clear, that the breath of heaven
 Left in the purple hyacinth bell,
 Shines in the beautiful light of the even,
 Like a glistening pearl in an Orient shell.

And as the green meadow in beauty peerless,
 In winter was dark without sun or flower,
 Without thee, darling, my life would be cheerless,
 That now is so blest with its golden dower.
 To me thou'rt the sunlight that gladdens the meadow,
 Thy whisper gives joy and thy breath gives repose,
 Thy kiss, dear, can banish the duskiest shadow,
 Thou smilest, and blossom the lily and rose.

The birds are asleep in their leafy bowers,
 The spirit of poesy holds her sway,
 And as I wander among the flowers,
 She bringeth thee near though so far away.
 The sweet-scented breezes that round thee hover,
 As the crimson shadows are growing dim,
 Seem all to whisper, I've seen thy lover,
 I've come with a message to thee from him.

There's summer within and there's summer around me,
 And the voices of nature are blending with mine,
 And soft to the touch are the fetters that bound me,
 And bind me for ever and ever as thine.
 Ah me! who could say that ought e'er could divide us,
 We two aye so nearly in feeling allied?
 Whatever, my darling, in life will betide us,
 There lives not the power that can us divide.

MARY MACKELLAR.

THE GAELIC CENSUS OF SCOTLAND.

A RETURN has been recently issued relating to the Gaelic-speaking people of Scotland, as taken at last Census, by an arrangement come to almost at the last moment, on the motion of Mr Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P. The return shows that of the 3,735,602 comprising the whole population of Scotland, only 231,602 are put down as speaking Gaelic, or one in every sixteen. The following table gives the population in the various counties :—

No. of Division, &c.	Division.	Population.	Whereof Speaking Gaelic.
I.—NORTHERN DIVISION.			
1.	Shetland	29,705	12
2.	Orkney	33,044	36
3.	Caithness	39,859	4,346
4.	Sutherland	22,376	16,776
II.—NORTH-WESTERN DIVISION.			
5.	Ross and Cromarty	79,467	56,767
6.	Inverness	86,389	60,447
III.—NORTH-EASTERN DIVISION.			
7.	Nairn	8,847	1,058
8.	Elgin (or Moray)	45,069	1,273
9.	Banff	59,783	330
10.	Aberdeen	269,047	604
11.	Kincardine	35,465	18
IV.—EAST MIDLAND DIVISION.			
12.	Forfar	268,663	690
13.	Perth	130,282	14,537
14.	Fife	172,131	126
15.	Kinross	7,330	15
16.	Clackmannan	24,025	86
V.—WEST MIDLAND DIVISION.			
17.	Stirling	106,883	441
18.	Dumbarton	78,182	1,423
19.	Argyle	80,771	50,113
20.	Bute	17,634	3,725
VI.—SOUTH-WESTERN DIVISION.			
21.	Renfrew	225,611	4,119
22.	Ayr	217,730	649
23.	Lanark	942,193	11,500
VII.—SOUTH-EASTERN DIVISION.			
24.	Linlithgow	44,005	47
25.	Edinburgh	388,836	2,145
26.	Haddington	38,510	294
27.	Berwick	35,273	43
28.	Peebles	13,688	3
29.	Selkirk	26,346	8
VIII.—SOUTHERN DIVISION.			
30.	Roxburgh	52,592	25
31.	Dumfries	76,167	17
32.	Kirkcudbright	42,290	11
33.	Wigton	38,443	28

It will be seen from the above that the chief Gaelic-speaking counties are Ross and Cromarty, Inverness, Argyle, Sutherland, and Perth. In Caithness about 1 in 10 of the population speak Gaelic, and in Dumfries-shire 1 in 4500. The 11,500 Gaelic-speaking in Lanark is accounted for by the number of Highlanders in Glasgow, who number 8517. In the city of Edinburgh the number is 1770. In consequence of the stupid form in which the schedule was made up by the Government officials, the above figures fall far short of the actual number of Gaelic-speaking people in Scotland.

JOHN MACRAE—IAN MACMHURCHAIDH—
THE KINTAIL BARD.

—o—
II.

THE bard having once determined to emigrate, was anxious to get as many of his countrymen as possible to accompany him to Carolina, and he composed several songs urging upon them the desirability of doing so. The following is an excellent specimen of his efforts in that way :—

Bho na sguir mi 'phaidheadh màil
'S gun ruith mo chuid as mo làimh,
'S ann a bhitheas mi na mo thraill
Fo 'nabaidh bh' agam roimhe so.

Ho ! cha 'n eil mulad oirn,
Car son a bhiodh mulad oirn ?
Mulad cha 'n eil oirn no gruaim,
Gur fada bhuainn a ghabhadh e.

'N uair a dh-eireas esan moch,
Feumaidh mise 'dhol a mach ;
Saoil sibh fein nach cruaidh an t-achd,
A bhi fo smachd an atharraich.

Teirgidh 'chuid dha 'n duine chrion
Nach d'rinn bonn do dh-fhialachd riamh,
Their fear eile sin nach fhiach
A chaith e trian dheth lathaichean.

Mairidh chuid dha 'n duine choir,
Gheibh each dheth furan gu leor,
Bidh pailteas aige ri bheo,
Ge neonach le fear gleidhidh e.

Cridhe farsuing is e fiall,
Coisnidh 's caithidh e mhiann ;
'Nuair is fhaig e air dol sìos,
Thig lionmhorachd na lamhan-sa.

Cuir an t-searrag sin a nall,
Biodh i lan gu ruig an ceann,
Olaim slainte na 'm bheil thall,
A chionn 's gu'm faighinn naigheachd orr'.

Bho na reic sinn na cuid ni,
'S gu'n d' fhuair sinn orra 'n diol pris,
'S duilich leam mar tig an t-sith,
Nach leag an Rìgh an rathad leinn.

This is another of the same class :—

Beagan a dhaoine mo dhuthcha
Falbh an taobh sa 'm faigh iad pailteas.

Dh'eireadh fonn, fonn, fonn,
Dh'eireadh fonn oirn ri fhaicinn.

Falbhamaid uile gu leir,
'S beag mo speis do dh' fhear gun tapadh.

Falbhamaid an ainm Dhia,
Triallamaid 's riadhamaid barca.

Fagaidh sinn uile na h-uaislean,
Nach ludhaig dha 'n tuath a bhi aca.

Gheibh sinn fiadh is eala bhàn ann,
Tarmachan air ard gach creachail.

Gheibh sinn bradan agus bàn-easg,
'S glas-iasg, ma 's e 's fhearr a thaitneas.

In the following song he points out the changes which had taken place at home, and the consequent misery to those who would remain in their native land :—

Nise bho na thachair sinn,
Fo's cionn an stoip 's na creachaige,
Gu'n ol sinn air na faicinn e
'S na cairtealan san teid sinn.

Tha tighinn fotham, fotham, fotham,
Tha tighinn fotham, fotham, fotham,
Tha tighinn fotham agus fotham,
Tha tighinn fotham eiridh.

Mhnathan togaibh an t-urras,
Sguiribh dheth na h-iomadan,
Cha bharail leam gu tillear mi,
Bho'n sguir mi dh-ioman spreidhe.

Mhnathan sguiribh chubarsnaich,
Bho'n char sibh fo na siuil a stigh,
Cha bharail leam gu'n lùbar sinn,
Ri dùthaich bhochd na h-eiginn.

H-uile ciùs dha theannachadh,
An t-ardachdainn 's e ghreannaich sinn,
Lin-mhora bhi dha 'n tarrauin,
'S iad a sailleadh na cuid eisg oirn.

Gur iomadh latha sàraichte!
Bha mi deanamh dige 's garraidhnean,
An crodh a faighinn bàis oirn,
'S mi paidheadh màil gu h-eigneach.

'S iomadh latha dosguinneach,
 A bha mi giùlan cosguis dhuibh ;
 'N unair reidheadh a chuis gu osburnaich,
 Bhi ag osunnaich mu'n deighinn.

On one occasion the bard was passing through Comhlan, in Glenaffric, where his cattle perished, during a severe snow-storm, in the preceding Spring. Instead of lamenting the circumstance, John called for his favourite bottle, and moralised in the following characteristic, happy, and melodious strain :—

'S mi dol seachad air an airidh
 Far an d-fhag mi mo chrodh alluinn,
 Gun bhi ann dhiubh ach na cnaimhean,
 'S iad gun bhliochd, gun dair, gun laoigh.

Ho ! cuir a nall am bodach,
 He ! cuir a nall am bodach,
 Nuair a chuireadh e oirn sogan,
 'S e 'm botul a b' annsa leinn.

Lion am botul, fair a dhà dhiubh,
 Na biodh cìram ort a pàidheadh,
 Mar a faigh thu as an laimh e,
 Nì seiche ba dàir an t-suim.

Chi mi thall na gabhair cheannaich,
 Aig nach eil ach beagan bainne,
 Mar b' e mheud sa rinn mi dh' fheannadh,
 Gu 'm bu bheag mo mhàlaibh ribh.

Gu 'm b' e earrach dubh a challa e,
 Leis na chaill sinn an crodh bainne ;
 Ge do thug e bhuainn na h-aighean,
 'S e na gearrain bha mi caoidh.

Ciod uime bhiodh oirn dorrán ;
 Mairidh 'n saoghal dhuinn ge b' oil leinn,
 'S iomadh fear a chuir e dholaidh
 Mheud 'sa thug e thoil dha chionn.

Carson a bhiodh oirn gruaimean,
 Foghnuidh 'n saoghal so car cuairt dhuinn,
 Gheibh sinn creideas feadh na tuatha,
 'S nì sinn suas na thugadh dhinn.

Bitheamaid cridheil, bitheamaid ceolmhor,
 Gabhamaid gach nì mar 's coir dhuinn ;
 As a bheagan cinnidh moran,
 Tuilleadh 's na dh'-fhonas a chaoidh.

Bitheamaid sunndach, bitheamaid geanach,
 Cuireamaid air chul gach ainnis ;
 Gu 'm bi rud aig math-an-airidh ;
 Sin mar tha mo bharail dhuibh.

'S iomadh slaodaire tha beartach,
 'S caonnag air an duine thapaidh,
 'S shearr a bhuilicheadh le tlachd e,
 Na esan ge pailt a shuim.

Am fear is mo gheibh dheth 'n t-saoghal,
 Bidh e stri ri tuilleadh fhaotainn ;
 Ma gheibh sinne biadh is aodach—
 Cha toir iadsan maoin don chill.

(To be Continued.)

HIGHLAND REVENGE.

HIGHLAND revenge suggests to most people something savage and barbarous, but yet it was not always so. A noble revenge has been often known in the Highlands, as the following will show. At one time the lower part of Mull belonged to Mackinnon of Strath, and the Macleans, to whom the rest of it belonged, were anxious to get possession of his share. With this intent, taking advantage of Mackinnon's youth ; of his being out of the country, and of the age and infirmity of his uncle, Macdonald of Sleat ; the Macleans of Duart and Lochbuy divided the estate among their own friends, driving the followers of Mackinnon all away from the island. Some years after this, Mackinnon being grown to man's estate, went to seek aid from his relative, the Earl of Antrim in Ireland, telling him that he wanted again to get possession of the inheritance of his forefathers.

He set forth with forty young gentlemen to become leaders of his host. He called in Mull, on his way to Skye, and went to the hut of one old woman of his clan, whom the Macleans had been afraid to banish because she had the reputation of being a witch. The old woman's joy was great at once more beholding her chief. She welcomed him warmly ; and, when he confided his intentions to her, she asked how many men he had with him. "Only forty," he replied. "'Tis enough," she cried, "and if you follow my advice your revenge over the Macleans will be com-

plete before the morning sun rises in the heavens. Duart and Lochbuy sleep to-night at Ledaig House without suspicion, and, therefore, without guard. Their men have been making merry, and are now, after much drinking, sound asleep in their galleys. If your men are men, and if you are a true son of your fathers, you can slay them all without much difficulty."

Mackinnon returned to his men, asking them to follow him to the woods. He then made each of them cut a bough off a tree and strip it of all its leaves. He cut for himself a tall straight branch, leaving all its foliage and twigs upon it; and, carrying those, they quietly and cautiously marched on Ledaig House. When they got there everything was still, and his despoilers were sound asleep. He then planted his own green leafy bough at the door of the house, whilst he suspended his sword above the door. He next made his followers plant their bare poles at stated intervals around the house. This done he returned with his men to "Camus-na-fala," and they embarked in their galleys again.

Next morning the Maclean chiefs were greatly surprised at what happened, and for a time they were at a loss to understand what it all meant.

At length Lochbuy exclaimed, "I see it all; Mackinnon has been here; that is his branch with the leaves; the bare poles represent forty men that he had with him, and that is his sword which he has left above the door to show how easy it was for him to have slain us. He had been very merciful. We shall send for him and give him back his inheritance. There shall be no war betwixt us and one who acted in so noble a manner."

And so it came to pass; Mackinnon got by his magnanimity what he might not have been able to win by his sword, even through what might have been a long and bloody conflict.

MARY MACKELLAR.

THE MACDONALDS OF GLENGARRY AND CLAN-RANALD.—The history and genealogies of these two distinguished families, by Alexander Mackenzie, F.S.A. Scot., are now published separately, and can be supplied direct from this office at 7s 6d each, beautifully printed on toned paper, and neatly bound in cloth, gilt. The issue in both cases is limited to 150 copies.

NOTES ON THE ANTIQUITY OF TARTAN.

WE extract the following from a paper on Tartans, by Captain Macra Chisholm of Glassburn, recently read before the Gaelic Society of Inverness. The gallant Captain has by no means exhausted the subject, but he has done good work in starting the ball in so interesting a manner; and we shall possibly be induced to follow him in future issues of the *Celtic Magazine*. Captain Chisholm said:—

The ancient Caledonian Celts painted their bodies, no doubt for the purpose of rendering their appearance more terrible to their enemies; well understanding the saying of Tacitus, that "The eyes of men are the first to be overcome in battle."

Cæsar tells us that "all the tribes of Britain painted their bodies"—and the practice of staining the body was retained by the *Angli* to so late a period as the Norman Conquest (William of Malmesbury). Red, blue, and yellow seem to have been the favourite colours—blue bodies and red legs. Lindsay wrote, "The other pairte Northerne ar full of mountanes, and verie rud and homelic kynd of people doeth inhabit, which is called *Reidschankes*, or wyld Scottis."

Pliny tells us, the *Glastum*, with which the Britons dyed their bodies, was found in Gaul, but does not say the inhabitants made a similar use of it; from which Dr Macpherson thought, that as the painting could not have been derived from Gaul, it originated among the Caledonians. The Picts, by popular tradition, took their name from this practice; and their Chronicle and Isodore agree in saying, that the Scoti became Picts from this circumstance. Cæsar says, that the Britons painted their bodies with *Wood*; men and women dyed their bodies with this vegetable. The stains were impressed in youth; for it was a sort of tattooing, and for this purpose certain irons were used. The British youth, says Solinus, were "marked with the figures of different animals *by nice incisions* . . . by which their limbs received a deep colouring in durable scars."

But the attention of the clergy was at last called to this relic of paganism; and the Council of Cealhythe in 787, denounced those who used such ornaments, as moved by "diabolice instincts."

It appears that undressed skins of animals formed their first covering; and woollen garments, however scanty, were also used. It is said that the Monks of Iona dressed in skins, although they had linen, and also their monks' habit in woollen stuff, which they imported, no doubt from the mainland. Skin coverings continued to be used until, and after, the art of fabricating more suitable materials was discovered. The Belgæ are believed to have introduced the use of woollen vestments. Gildas, surnamed the wise, a British monk, and the most ancient British writer extant—born 520, died 590—describes the Scots and Picts of his time as having only a piece of cloth tied round their loins. On a remarkable obelisk at Forres, the Scots are represented in a tunic fastened round the waist. Varro says that the Britons wore a garment called *Guanacum* which was of divers striped colours, but not Tartan, woven together and making a gaudy show; and Tacitus says, the *Æstii*, a German nation, wore the British dress, which must have been the Gallic.

Throughout Scotland, more particularly in the North Highlands, the cloth, in the

most simple condition, was made of the undyed wool, the white and black being generally appropriated for blankets, plaids, or the breacan. The Breacan-feile, literally the chequered covering, is the original garb of the Highlanders, and forms the chief part of the costume; the other articles, although equally Celtic, and now peculiar to Scotland, being subordinate to this singular and most ancient dress.

The manufacture of woollen cloth must have existed among the Celtæ from a very early period; and they became particularly ingenious in dyeing the material, and in its fabrication. The Highlanders had neither cochineal lac dye, foreign woods, nor other excellent substances to impart various tints to the Breacan, but their native hills afforded articles with which they had found the art of dyeing brilliant, permanent, and pleasing colours. Bark of alder was used for black, that of willow produced flesh colour. Crotal geal, a substance formed on stone, was made use of by West Islanders to dye "a pretty crimson colour." Other vegetable substances were employed by the Highlanders, who were able to produce finer colours than is generally supposed. The Caledonian women who "wove the robe for their love," made it "like the bow of the shower" (striped, but not Tartan). Every farmer's goodwife was competent to dye blue, red, green, yellow, black, brown, and other compounds.

Clan Tartans are, no doubt, many centuries old, but it is difficult to find that we can go farther back than the reign of Malcolm Cean-More, who ascended the throne in 1057. He married, Margaret (granddaughter of Edmund Ironside) in 1066 or 1070. The marriage was pre-eminently happy in itself, and attended with the happiest consequences for Scotland. From the reign of this most noble and illustrious lady—Queen Margaret—may be dated the earliest efforts of Scotland in commercial industry. She encouraged merchants to import, both by sea and from England, many various kinds of goods, such as Scotland had never before known, more particularly in wearing apparel of an ornamental kind. She laboured earnestly to polish and civilize the Scottish nation, and to elevate the taste and the tone of her people by encouraging among them both the useful and polite arts. Many ladies were employed at the Court in useful and industrious occupations, and the peasant women were instructed and encouraged in the industry of spinning and weaving. "She has sought wool and flax, and hath wrought by the council of her hands," as the Scripture says of the valiant woman. Queen Margaret deserved that the following words should be applied to her:—"A woman of understanding is the friend of silence: nothing is equal to a wise woman." The author of "The Sainted Queens" now before me, states that "Historians have said that the invention of the Scottish Tartan owes its origin to the efforts of St Margaret, Queen of Scotland"; but, unfortunately he does not mention the name of any of these historians.

"The Celtic weavers were certainly most ingenious artists, and produced works that astonished other nations by their singularity. They used alternate colours, both in the warp and woof, thereby producing an admirable appearance, formed in distinct striped squares." Each square contains the complete pattern or set of the tartan. Every plaid or piece of tartan is formed of a repetition of these squares. Each square has in its centre the check or cross of that particular tartan. The word Tartan is derived from the Gaelic *Tarstìn* or *Tarsuinn*, across. In the Cluny Macpherson Tartan it will be observed that the central cross is a double red cross in a ground of white. The Chisholm Tartan has for its central cross the very reverse, viz.—a double white cross in a red ground: "the 42d Tartan" a black cross in a green ground, and so on.

In the Clan Tartans there was a great deal of ingenuity required in sorting the

colours, so as to be agreeable to the nicest fancy. For this reason the women were at much pains, first to give an exact pattern of the plaid upon a small rod, having the number of every thread of the stripe on it. The pattern of the web was not left to the weaver's fancy. He received his instructions by means of a small stick, round which the exact number of threads in every bar was shewn, a practice in use to this very day. Sir Benjamin West regarded the Clan Tartans as specimens of national taste, and says there was great art displayed in the composition of the various patterns, and in the combination and opposition of colours. The particular "setts," or patterns, of Tartans, appropriate to each clan, must have been long fixed. Every tribe and every island differed from each other "in the fancy of making plaids, as to the stripes, in breadth and colours."

The Breacan of the Highlander was a sort of coat armour or tabard, by which his name and clan were at once recognised.

The Highlanders sometimes made the plaids very fine, but for general wear they made the *Cathdath* intended as its name—battle colour—implies, to be worn during war; but the plaid and the *feilebeag* were always of common tartan. A king or chief had seven colours in his tartan. Chieftains and other nobles from four to six colours, and the poor plain cloth (cloth or lachdan). Green and black, with a stripe of red was at first the predominant tartan.

I have already stated above, the probability there is for supposing that our great and good Queen Margaret, was the inventor of the Scottish tartan, about the year 1070, which would make our Clan Tartans at least eight centuries old.

The son of Queen Margaret, Alexander I., who ascended the throne in 1106, was most probably the first king who wore the Highland Tartan Costume. He is represented on his seal, engraved in Dr Mayricks superb works, with his *feile-beag* and round *targe*.

At the Coronation of Alexander III. A.D. 1249, when he was only eight years of age, the Bishop of St. Andrews, having explained the Coronation Oath, both in Latin and French, he girded Alexander with the belt of knighthood, placed him in the Stone Chair, and crowned him King. When this part of the ceremony was over, *an old man of the Celtic race, attired in the garb of his country*, hailed Alexander in the *Gaelic tongue* as King of the Scots, and the lineal descendant of the ancient Sovereigns of Alban. We may safely conjecture that the old Celt was dressed in the distinctive costume of the Gaël, the *feile-breacan*, or belted plaid of his Clan Tartan.

There is a portrait of the gallant Sir William Wallace at Taymouth Castle, where the patriot is represented in a *plaid of tartan* fastened on his breast by a large brooch.

In the charge and discharge of John, Bishop of Glasgow, treasurer to King James III. 1471, are the following items:—

"An elne and ane halve of blue Tartane to lyne his gowne of cloth of gold	£1 10 0
Four elne and ane halve of Tartane for a sparwort aboun his credill, price ane elne (10s)	2 5 0
Halve ane elne of doble Tartane to lyne ridin collars to her lady the Quene, price 8 shillins."		

In the Battles of Blar-na-leine (1513), Tippermuir (1643), and Culloden (1746), the Highlanders fought in their Tartan Kilts.

After the battle of Sheriffmuir (1715) the Highlanders were prohibited from carrying their arms or wearing tartan by the first Parliament of George I. in 1716. This Act was repealed through the efforts and influence of the Duke of Montrose in 1782.

The belted-plaid is indisputably the invention of the Gaiël, and bears no resemblance, either in its material or arrangement, to the habits of any other people. The costume of the Scottish Highlanders, like their language, being so different from that of the other inhabitants of the British Islands, is proudly retained as a national distinction.

The Highland garb worn by one who knows how to dress properly in it is undoubtedly one of the most picturesque in the world. The ample folds of the tartan, that are always arranged in the kilt to show the characteristic or predominant stripe, and adjusted with great *cayc*, and the plaid gracefully depending from the shoulder, is a pleasing and elegant drapery, which, being of itself, as it were, the entire vestment, presents an *ensemble* equally remote from the extremes of Asiatic and European dresses. It partakes of the easy flow of Oriental costume, and avoiding the angular formality and stiffness of European attire, combines a great degree both of lightness and elegance.

Lord President Forbes, addressing the Laird of Brodie, who was at the time Lord Lyon of Scotland, said of the Highland dress—"The garb is certainly very loose, and fits men inured to it to go through great marches, to bear out against the inclemency of the weather, to wade through rivers, to shelter in huts, woods, rocks, on occasion when men dressed in the low country garb could not endure."

The first regiment on Britain's battle-roll wearing tartan was the 42d (the Black Watch or the *Freiccadan Dubh*), in which regiment I had the honour of serving for many years. Surely the 42d Royal Highlanders should be kept sacred for the Highlands and for Highlanders; and we may feel confident that were Her Most Gracious Majesty appealed to on the subject, she would be pleased to adopt the dictum of George II., viz. :—"That natives of the Highlands, and none other, are to be taken into the 42d Royal Highland Regiment." How else can it retain its national character, or uphold the true martial spirit unalloyed?

In conclusion, I would say, let us cherish our national distinctions—the Gaelic language, our clan tartans, and the "garb of old Gaul," if we wish to retain the "fire of old Rome" and the spirit of our ancestors.

"Lean gu dlùth ri cliù do shìnnse."

Literature.

DUAIN AGUS ORAIN, LE UILLEAM MAC-DHUNLEIBHE. Glasgow :
Archibald Sinclair, 62 Argyle Street, 1882.

WE congratulate the Islay Celtic Association on the publication of this volume. This Association has rebuked in a very practical way those other Associations who spend their energies mainly in eating and drinking to the sound of the bagpipes. Here is really "something begun and something done." If the good example set by the associated men of Islay and Cowal infects other Celtic bodies, which we hope it will, then the old retort of the poet, that the bards are not defunct, but those who cherished them, will soon lose its point.

We may say at once that Dunleibhe, *Anglice* Livingstone, is a poet who well deserved the honour done to him by his spirited countrymen. Nay, we make bold to add that although, if report be true, the editor of this nicely got-up volume is an Islayman, and although the publisher can claim the same honour, Livingstone's memory and work demanded a fairer shrine than that with which it is here furnished. The mechanical part of the work, printing and paper, is very well done.

With a great deal of the editor's work in this volume we are very much disappointed, and so, we are persuaded, will be many who knew the bard, which we did not, having never been in Islay, and having never seen him in the flesh. We might refer to several sins of omission, by which obscurities in the poems are left to perplex those who are not natives of Islay, but is not perhaps of great importance.

When we turn to the biographical notice of the poet we find it to be of such a kind that we are almost sorry we read it. Wordsworth tells us somewhere that if we would enjoy poetry we must love the poet whose gift it is. Is it possible to love such a man such as Mr Blair has described? We don't know, but it looks as if the editor was willing to wound his author, yet afraid to strike him straight in the face. The dagger is at work though carefully wreathed in apologetic excuses plucked from the poet's "want of early culture," and from his "imperfect training." Yet what better training or culture had the very best of our Gaelic poets—some of whom not only went out early to herd cows, but continued to herd them all their days? Livingstone, as painted by the brush of Mr Blair, was morally considered a poor specimen of humanity. As a frontispiece to the book we have a sketch of the poet which, it seems, "rather flatters" his personal appearance. The editor has taken good care that the same charge cannot be made against his delineation of the poet's soul. At least it is an ugly picture, and if it flatters, one would rather not see the horrible original. Biographers are said to be prone to doat on their subject, and to describe it accordingly, but Mr Blair extenuates nothing, even to the "small suspicious-looking eyes," and, we hope, sets down nought in malice. We could love the bard for all his "blind hatred of England and all her belongings," Queen Victoria excepted, nor should we break our hearts though he believed all the old legends ever written, and so forfeited every claim to the title of a scientific historian. But the case is different when we are told that he was "suspicious" and "distrustful," his small eyes seeing a foe everywhere, or envious, so that he grieved at the good of another. This is not after the manner of poets. This, however, was not all, for the poet was not over-scrupulous as to the means employed to "circumvent" a fancied opponent. It seems, too, that his Celtic brethren fared no better at his hand than the Saxon, which reminds us of part of an epitaph on the gravestone of some Lord Reay country robber three centuries back—"He was bad to his friend, and waur to his foe!" In fact, Livingstone, in our own language, but in Mr Blair's meaning, was a "cantankerous sneak."

Livingstone was not the first fool who thought that God gave England all the good it has through Scottish brains or hands. Mr Blair thinks it worth while to record that the poet made an exception in the case of Bunyan, and in admitting his originality, added, in a way that turned the laugh against his pro-English antagonist—the tinker that he was! "The prosperity of a joke lies in the ear that hears it," and so there may be some ears that can make out the joke, and make it prosperous. Ours can find nothing of the kind to bestow prosperity upon. Wit is evidently at a discount in Islay, and yet it is so near Ireland! Compare this poor allusion to Bunyan's trade with the remark of the Scot who, when arguing in the same vein as Livingstone, was asked if Shakespere was a Scot, replied, "Ah! weel, Shakespeare had brains enough to be a Scotchman!" The poorest ear will make that prosperous.

As we read the poems of Livingstone we missed many things which fermented in the bosom of our great poets, but we thought we found in them pure and unadulterated love of country and of kindred. We turn to the biography only to find a chilling scepticism on even this point. "Some who knew him well questioned the genuineness of his enthusiasm for his country, and maintained that it was mingled with a great deal

of selfishness." Ah, poor bard, here it is insinuated that thy "vindication of Celtic character," in what was to thee a foreign and crabbed language, thy glorification of the ancient heroes of thy country according to thy lights, and thy unmeasured denunciation of the whinstone hearts of her modern oppressors who crushed out the old life and the old ways, were not for the sake of thy brethren, but for thine own poor personal interest. Had'st thou been here perhaps those would'st have said that the insinuation is a clerical dock leaf to sooth the smarting which thy poetic nettle has caused in the high places of thy native island. All we say is, had the "selfishness" of the clergy spoken out as Livingstone spoke, the Highlanders would never have been used as they were—much as we deprecate the unmeasured abuse which he allows himself to write in some of his poems.

We agree with the regret expressed in the *Gael* of August 1873 on account of our poet's silence on the matter of religion, even when natural opportunities for referring to it presented themselves. The writer in the *Gael*, whom we take, from the identity of the remarks in the *Gael* and the biography before us, to be the same with the editor, brings the poet to task for not eulogising in his elegy to Mr Blair the "loving, peaceful, calm, spirit of the gospel" exhibited by him in life and death. But he might have found another illustration of the bard's reticence on this point in his very pretty elegy to Mr Strachan, Mr Blair's predecessor in St Columba. Thus, the religious life of parson and farmer alike is in its utmost working impartially ignored. The more is the pity, if for nothing but the influence of the poet himself and the permanence of his work.

But Mr Blair's illustrations of the oddities of the poet's theology are not very fairly dealt with. It would appear that he once asked to be reconciled with a dying friend, not under the pressure of Christian sentiment, but moved by the fear that the ghost of his friend might re-visit the earth and avenge himself on his poetic adversary! We should like to see the twinkle in the "small suspicious looking eyes" before we committed ourselves to the conclusion that the poet was the victim of such abject superstition, more especially as the friend in question was "amused," not shocked, by the poet's anticipation of evil from his spirit after he had gone.

Another incident in the poet's career drew from him the remark, "I believed the end was near, but I had much peace in the thought that I would yield up the ghost on pure Highland heather." To a plain mind there is nothing here which might not be spoken by a subscriber of the *Thirty-nine Articles*. The poet's strength failed on a lonely moor, and he found comfort in having the heather for his pillow rather than be, say drowned in the dirty Clyde. We once heard a naval officer who nearly came to grief on shore say that he would not mind being drowned in pure salt water, but to be drowned in a peat bog would be shocking! Every one knows the value to be set on such conversational statements, but our biographer interprets so seriously the "much peace" that the thought of dying on the heather gave the faint and sick bard that he finds in it a new heresy—a "unique false ground of hope in death!"

But if the ground on which the poet rested his own hope was unique, the ground he wished others to build upon was "peculiar." An irate Celt took offence at his minister, and would have left him but for the intervention of the bard, who gave the following advice to his friend:—"Attend the Gaelic service, read the Gaelic poets, and I assure you you will be safe enough." "A peculiar ground of safety indeed!" is the sage comment. This is prosaic literalism with a vengeance, and from the editor of a poet.

We must qualify our reference to the poet's silence on the religion of his countrymen by saying that we have found one or two allusions to their religious practices which should be noticed. He mentions, for example, with honour the *laoidhean cràbhaidh* of his country (p. 143) in his beautiful poem, *On the Gravestones of the Bards*, a prize poem, but unlike many such academic self-conscious productions, it is instinct with power and beauty. There is a reference to family worship in the *Cuimhneachan Bhraid-Alba*, so full of tenderness and sympathy that one is led to think he had more than a dramatic interest in the subject. Lord Rosebery told us the other day that so long as Scotland had fathers who should train their families after the principles of the "Cottar's Saturday Night" he would have no fear of her sons. Our poet's lamentation is that this has been rendered impossible in our Highland glens, whence were driven the men "whose glory" was that which he describes in the verses we shall quote, and "whose custom it was to acknowledge the authority of truth and the law of godliness :"—

"Cha'n 'eil ath-chuinge na ceòl
A' moladh Trianaid na gl'òir
Ach balbh mhulad nan tòrr fasail,
Far an cluinte gu moch
Aoradh molaiddh 's gach teach,
Tha cuirn chòinich 's gun neach
G' an àiteach', &c."—(p. 129)

From the Gaelic remarks prefixed in the *Gael, loc. cit.*, one would infer that Livingstone so identified himself with the pre-Christian wars, poetry, and mythology of his country as to become so much a Pagan himself as to ignore Christianity, just as the classical scholars of the Renaissance ignored the Apostles in their devotion to Cicero and Plato. We are not quite sure that the poet's close study of the *Chronicles*, who certainly did not ignore Christianity according to their own notions of its character, can be made to run on all fours with the statements of the *Gael*. But what are we going to make of Livingstone's laborious studies under heavy disadvantages of Hebrew and Greek? Surely he did not believe that David and St John were Celtic authors, and surely he had more than a mythological interest in their writings. All we say is that seeing the editor has given prominence to certain phases of our poet's faith, which are anything but "safe," he might have, by way of antidote, emphasised for the benefit of the young men of Islay, and of the old too, the sentiment which has been quoted.

We have left ourselves no space to criticise with care the poems before us. They will repay in more ways than one accurate and painstaking study. Livingstone is entitled to a very honourable position in the bead-roll of Gaelic poets. He cannot be ranked among the highest of our poets, either in style or sentiment. He touches human nature at too few points to be worthy of such a dignity. Although the burden of his song is often a burden of woe and desolation, yet the deepest fountains of tears he is unable to open. The sorrow of circumstances of an outward kind he sets to pleasing melodies, but the pain of the soul, the grief of passion, of faith and love—for this there is no string to his harp. Then the absence of a bright sunny mirth to beguile our cares and rouse our energies will be on the side of the enemy in the struggle of the poet with time, whose tooth "gnaws Tantallon," and which soon hands over all but the very best to forgetfulness as its prey. The want of humour, that kindly twinkle of the eye of a serious man, never seen in the laughter of the fool, will also tell heavily against our poet in the same silent but relentless combat. This is all the more to be regretted, as we see indications in some early poems of a vein which if cultivated might

have given us something that would live and be sung in our cottages, even as Macintyre's *Seachairean Seilge*. We refer to his verses on his dog, and on the tailor's young pig. These are of no great value, but they have a promise in them of wealth, for which much in this volume is a poor substitute. The iron entered into the poet's soul, and so confused all things therein, that the tender, the sympathetic, the genial, the simplicities of everyday humanity could find no home it, and fled, like the bird in the song "Waes me for Prince Charlie." Henceforth he could see nothing but the gorgon countenances of factors, of covetous and cruel sheep farmers stalking on hills that did not belong to them, of lairds whose hearts were changed into flint, and so in his fury he champs the bit of Hebrew roots and Greek verbs. The sound of the trumpet becomes his delight, and the song of the lark is unheeded, or heeded only as a contrast to the prevailing misery. The upshot of this is that the half of his volume is filled with the battle of the warrior, with confused noise, and garments rolled in blood; and the poet has not been able to see with the eye of the prophet the Child born to make the curse of war the means of the blessing of peace. These war songs dwell too much on mere brute courage and strength, and glorifies too fondly the prowess which makes an enemy bite the dust. Though we are pleased with many graceful descriptions of nature, actions, and character in these poems, and though we admire the poet's endeavour to give us somewhat long, sustained, and semi-dramatic compositions in which an effort is made to reproduce the heroic past, still we are obliged to say that they fail to touch the heart, the spirit, the motive of the subject with which they deal. We have carnage in abundance, but we have no revelation given to us of the wild passions, noble or mean, which nerved the arm and whetted the sword for such work.

We are obliged to confess that the evident enthusiasm which brimmed over in the soul of the poet as he describes the battles of the Scot with the Saxon does not communicate itself to us as we read. We have too much of "bonnet and spear and bended bow," too much abuse of the trousers, and too much laudation of the kilt. We wish some good fairy had whispered in the bard's ear the Greek proverb, "Nothing too much," or another very wise one in art, "The half is sometimes better than the whole." His description of Bannockburn is a very good description of that battle merely regarded as a magnificent spectacle and a splendid victory for Scotland, but for what may be called *educative* power, Burns' line, "Tyrants fall at every blow," is worth the whole of it twice told.

We wish we could linger a little longer with Livingstone's muse as she sings, not of the far away past, but of the actual homely, suffering, toiling world in which the bard stitched with his needle to get his bread, and with a deep hunger in his soul which the busy needle could not provide for. He found this world of his to be such that there was no time to do anything but weep. Like Rachael he mourned for the things which are not, and refused to be comforted. He could not rejoice without the interruptions of a persistent grief in the beauty of Highland mountain, glen, wood, or shore, because their old sons, their old songs were not to be found, though he feels in them all something which "oppression cannot take from him," and of which he sings at times very sweetly. The bitterness of the poet never permits him to sing for us a simple unmixed strain of human joyfulness or of natural beauty. To the misfortunes brought upon the countrymen of the bard by the policy of weeding out the old cottars in so cruel and shortsighted a fashion, this one may be added, that it turned into gall the feelings of one of their gifted brethren, and so marred to a great extent the productions of his genius. There was one faculty, however, over which the flame of his grief passed harmless—viz., that of perfect command of pure and unadulterated Gaelic.

While many of our poets are carried off their feet by the foaming rush of their language, he holds it under absolute control, guiding it with skill and power to do his bidding. but we must stop, as we are reminded of the words of Gargan, the Nestor of *Blàr Shunadail*,

“ Mar is lugh a their agus is mo a ni sinn
 ‘S ann is àird a bhitheas gach gnìomh dhuinn.”

We shall do so by calling attention to a passage in his *Comhradh* in which the poet forgets the advice of the Norse sage, says too much and fails for this reason to effect his purpose—that of awakening our indignation against those who drove the Celt from his home. His fiery abuse is apt to send our sympathies to the other side. How different would the case be if he had laid bare the mental agonies and the sufferings of the oppressed, and in this mirror let us see the character of the oppressor. We should then have wept with him, we should have hated the cruel cause of our tears, but this rough and rude mode of attack makes us call for fair play to all persons assailed. It is well worth considering as an indication of the fierce, savage state of mind, caused by the modern policy of our lairds. Many have thought as Livingstone has spoken. The Irish have translated the thought into action in a terrible fashion. In our times our chiefs should ponder, if they are wise, the deep sullen pools from which these wild words come like bubbles to the surface, and see whether they may not be drained off or sweetened.

SOCIAL UNREST IN THE ISLE OF SKYE.

THAT we were, and still are, on the verge of a social revolution in the Isle of Skye is beyond question, and those who have any influence with the people, as well as those lairds and factors who have the interests of the population virtually in their keeping, will incur a very grave responsibility at a critical time like this unless the utmost care is taken to keep the action of the aggrieved tenants within the law, and on the other hand grant to the people, in a friendly and judicious spirit, material concessions in response to grievances respecting any real hardships which can be proved to exist.

It is quite true that, though innumerable grievances unquestionably do exist, no single one by itself is of sufficient magnitude to make a deep impression on the public mind, or upon any mere superficial enquirer. It is the constant accumulation of numberless petty annoyances, all in the same direction, that exasperate the people. The whole tendency, and, we fear, the real object of the general treatment of the crofter is to crush his spirit, and keep him enslaved within the grasp of his landlord and factor. Indeed, one of the latter freely admitted to us that

his object in serving large numbers of notices of removal, which he had not the slightest intention of carrying into effect, was, in his own words, that he might "have the whiphand over them." This practice can only be intended to keep the people in a constant state of terror and insecurity, and it has hitherto succeeded only too well.

The most material grievance, however, as well as the most exasperating, is the gradual but certain encroachment made on the present holdings. The pasture is taken from the crofters piecemeal; their crofts are in many cases sub-divided to make room for those gradually evicted from other places, in a manner to avoid public attention, to make room for sheep or deer or both. The people see that they are being gradually but surely driven to the sea, and that if they do not resist in time they will ultimately and at no distant date be driven into it, or altogether expelled from their native land. A little more pressure in this direction, and no amount of argument or advice will keep the people from taking the law into their own hands and resisting it by force. The time for argument has already gone. The powers that be hitherto refused to listen to the voice of reason, and the consequence is that scarcely any one can now be found on either side who will wait to argue whether or not a change is necessary. It is admitted on all hands that a change, and a very material change, must take place at no distant date, and the only question at present being considered, in the West at least, is, What is to be the nature of the change? This is what we have now been brought face to face to, and, however difficult the problem may be—and it is surrounded with endless difficulties on all sides—the change must come; and it is admitted all round that the day when it shall take place has been brought much nearer by the inconsiderate action and unbending spirit of those at present in power in the Isle of Skye. This is now seen and admitted by themselves. In short, a great blunder has been committed. This opinion is almost universal in the Island, and it will be a crime against owners of land, against the interests of society, and against common sense, if the blunder is not at once rectified by the good sense of those who have it in their power to do so. Any one can make a mistake, but it takes a man of sense and prudence to rectify such a blunder as has just been committed

in the neighbourhood of Portree, and which, it is feared, may be repeated elsewhere throughout the Island. The error will soon be forgotten if rectified with as little delay as possible; and the class of men who are willing to sacrifice their own ideas of self-importance to confer a great boon upon society, is so limited, that we appeal with no slight confidence to Lord Macdonald's factor to retrace his steps, and arrange a settlement with his people in the Braes; and thus assuredly raise himself to a higher position in public estimation than he has ever occupied with all his power; and at the same time become an example for good to others. He can do all this with the less difficulty, seeing that not a single one of the grievances of the Braes tenants were originated since he became factor on the Macdonald estates, and that the only thing with which he can fairly be charged in connection with them was a too imperious disinclination to listen to the people's claims, and that he had not fully and sufficiently early enquired into the justice of them. He holds the peace of the Highlands at the present moment very much in his own hands, and his responsibilities are therefore proportionately very great. On his prudence very much depends the amicable settlement of a great question, or at least the shape which the present agitation for the settlement of the relations of landlord and tenant in the Highlands will ultimately take.

We believe that the sad consequences of the recent proceedings against his tenants is deplored by himself as much as by any in the Isle of Skye, where the feeling of regret and shame is universal among the people, from the highest to the lowest, irrespective of position or party.

There is a very strong feeling that the law must be maintained; but the opinion is very generally expressed that the people ought not on this occasion, and in the present state of the public mind, to have been brought into contact with the criminal authorities; and that by a little judicious reasoning this could have been very easily avoided. We quite agree that the law must not only be respected, but firmly vindicated, when occasion demands it, but at the same time the owners of land who press hard upon their poor tenants are living in a fool's paradise if they expect that harsh laws, harshly administered, will be allowed to stand much longer on the statute-book if such as the recent proceedings

at Braes are to be repeated elsewhere throughout the country. Just now the facts of history deserve careful study, and we trust that the lessons they teach will not be thrown away on those more immediately concerned in maintaining their present position in connection with the land.

An attempt has been made to show that the Braes tenants have no real grievances; and our own opinion before we went to examine them on the spot, and it is so still, was that they are, from a legal standpoint, in a far worse position to assert their claims than the tenants of Glendale, Dr Nicol Martin's, and other proprietors on the Island. We are now satisfied, however, that they have very considerable grievances from a moral stand-point, and no one will dispute that grievances of the latter kind are generally as important, and often more substantial and exasperating than those which can be enforced in a court of law.

The Braes tenants maintain that in two instances considerable portions of their lands have been taken from them without any reduction of rent, and their contentions, we have no hesitation in saying, are capable of legal proof.

I. There is no doubt at all that they had the grazings of Benlee—the original cause of the present dispute—down to 1875, when it was taken from them and let to a sheep farmer as a separate holding. It can be proved that Lord Macdonald paid them rent for a small portion of it, which he took into his own hands for the site of a forester's house and garden. It can also be proved that it was not a "common" in the ordinary acceptation of that term, though it is called so in a map made by a surveyor named Blackadder, who, in 1810, divided the crofts from the run-rig system into ordinary lots, while the grazings of Benlee continued to be held in common as before. The Uist people, and others from the West, paid a rent for the use of it to the Braes tenants when resting their droves on their way to the Southern markets.

II. The townships are, or were, divided into seven crofts, occupied by as many tenants, and an eighth, called the shepherd's croft (and which that necessary adjunct to a common or club farm, received in return for his services). The shepherd's croft has since been withdrawn, and let direct by the factor to an eighth tenant, and that without any reduction of rent on the other seven crofts in each township, while they have now to bear the burden of paying their shepherd for their own resources. This is a virtual rising of the rents, without any equivalent, by more than $13\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., altogether apart from the appropriation of Benlee.

These grievances took shape long before the present factor came into power, and he himself informed us that it is only since the present agitation began that he became even acquainted with the complaint regarding the shepherd's crofts. For townships to have such a croft is quite common in the Island, and the practice is well known and understood.

It has been stated that the rents are now not higher than they were in 1810, but, apart from the fact that Benlee and the eighth croft have since been taken away, why com-

pare the present with 1810, a time at which, in consequence of the wars of the period, rents and produce of every kind were very high. The rental of Lord Macdonald's Skye property, we understand, was £8000, while in 1830 it fell to £5000. The tenants maintain that they have repeatedly claimed Benlee, and that the late factor told them if they had been firm when the last lease expired they would have got it, though whether with or without rent was not stated. This is admitted, though different views were by each held as to the payment of rent—the tenants expecting they were to get it in terms of their request without any payment, while the factor says that he meant them to get it on payment of the then rent. In any case it is impossible that they can now obtain a decent livelihood without additional pasture for their cattle, for they have been obliged to allow a great portion of their arable land to run into waste to graze their cattle upon it. They are willing to pay some rent for Benlee, and it is to be hoped, in all the circumstances, that the factor will meet them in a liberal spirit (as he can, without difficulty, get the lands from the present tenant at Whitsunday next), and thus avoid further heart-burnings and estrangements between the landlord and his tenants. That they have moral claims of a very substantial character cannot be disputed, and the mere fact that the lands have been taken from them so long back as 1865 can scarcely be pleaded as a reason why that state of matters should be continued. It has indeed been suggested, with some amount of apparent justice, whether in all the circumstances the people have not a moral claim to a return of the value of Benlee for the period during which it has been out of their possession, seeing that they still have the arable portions and part of the grazings of their original holdings.

GLENDAL AND DR NICOL MARTIN'S ESTATE.

We visited these properties, some 30 to 35 miles from Portree and 7 to 12 miles from Dunvegan, accompanied by the special commissioners for the *Aberdeen Daily Free Press*, the *Dundee Advertiser*, and the *Glasgow Citizen*. The whole surroundings of the Glendale holdings at once indicate a comfortable crofting tenantry, indeed, the most prosperous, to outward appearance, that we have seen in the North-West Highlands. The estate is owned by the Trustees of the late Sir John Macpherson Macleod. The people are remarkably intelligent and well informed, and their grievances place those of the Braes men entirely in the shade. The following account of them and their position generally, largely from Mr William Mackenzie's account in the *Free Press*, and taken down in the presence of the writer, may be held as a true statement of their case:—

While the people are thoroughly firm in their demands, it would be a mistake to call their attitude and actions a "no rent" agitation. They are all alive to their obligation to pay rent to the landlord, and where rent is withheld that is done, not in defiance of the landlord's rights, but as the best, and perhaps the only, means they can devise to induce the landlords to consider the claims and grievances of the people. The estate managed by the trustees of the late John Macpherson Macleod consists of about a dozen townships. According to the current valuation roll, lands, &c., of the annual value of £400 9s, are in the occupancy of the trustees. Dr Martin pays £133 for Waterstein, and the shooting tenant pays £140. The ground officer pays some £30 for lands at Colbost, while the rest of the estate is occupied by crofters, who among them pay a rent of about £700. The extent of the estate is about 35,000 acres. Ten years ago the rent was £1257, while now it is £1397 odds, showing a net increase on the decade of £139 16s 1d, or slightly over 11 per cent.

The tenants complain that the different townships were deprived of rights anciently

possessed by them; that some townships were by degrees cleared of the crofters to enable the laird or the factor to increase their stock of sheep, and that such of these people as did not leave the estate were crowded into other townships, individual tenants in these townships being required to give a portion of their holdings to make room for these new comers. They also complain of the arrogant and dictatorial manner in which the factor deals with them. So the Glendale crofters, wearied for years with what they have regarded as oppression, have now risen up as one man, resolved to unfold before the public gaze those matters of which they complain, and to demand their territorial superiors to restore to them lands which at one time were occupied by themselves and their ancestors, and to lessen, if not to remove, what they regard as the severity of the factor's yoke, and generally to place them in that position of independence and security to which they consider they are fairly and justly entitled. The functions performed by the factor of Glendale are exceedingly varied in their character. He is, they say, as a rule, sole judge of any little dispute that may arise between the crofters. He decides these disputes according to his own notions of right or wrong, and if anyone is dissatisfied—a not uncommon occurrence even among litigants before the Supreme Courts—the dissatisfied one dare not carry the matter to the regularly-constituted tribunals of the land. To impugn the judgment of the factor by such conduct might entail more serious consequences than any one was disposed to incur, and further, the extraordinary and, of course, mistaken notion appears to have prevailed that if any one brought a case before the Sheriff Court the factor's letter would be there before him to nonsuit him. This factorial mode of administering the law is probably a vestige that still lingers in isolated districts of the ancient heritable jurisdiction of Scotland; and it is only right to state that Glendale is not the only place in the Highlands where the laird or the factor have been wont to administer the law. Among the privileges which the Glendale people formerly possessed was the right to collect and get the salvage for timber drifted from wrecks to the shore. Of this privilege it was resolved to deprive them, as may be seen from the following written notice which was posted up at the local post-office, the most public part of the district:—"Notice.—Whereas parties are in the habit of trespassing on the lands of Glendale, Cowergill, Ramasaig, and Waterstein, in searching and carrying away drift timber, notice is hereby given that the shepherds and herds on these lands have instructions to give up the names of any persons found hereafter on any part of said lands, as also anyone found carrying away timber from the shore by boats or otherwise, that they may be dealt with according to law.—Factor's Office, Tormore, 4th January 1882." The lands over which they were thus forbidden to walk consist mainly of sheep grazing, in the occupation of the trustees and managed for them by the factor. The people were also forbidden to keep dogs.

These notices, it is stated, had the desired effect—trespassing ceased, and the crofter, with a sad heart, destroyed his faithful canine friend. Grievances multiplying in this way, it was resolved by some leader in the district to convene a public meeting of the crofters to consider the situation. The notice calling the meeting together was in these terms:—"We, the tenants on the estate of Glendale, do hereby warn each other to meet at Glendale Church on the 7th day of February, on or about one P.M., of 1882, for the purpose of stating our respective grievances publicly in order to communicate the same to our superiors, when the ground officer is requested to attend." Such a revolutionary movement as this, the people actually daring to meet together to consider their relations with the laird and make demands, was not to be lightly entered upon, and it need not be wondered if some of them at first wanted the moral courage to come up to the

occasion. If any one showed symptoms of weakness in this way he was threatened, and on the appointed day the clansmen met and deliberated on the situation. At that meeting their grievances received full expression. It was in particular pointed out that the township of Ramasaig, which fifteen years ago was occupied by 22 separate crofters, is now reduced to two, the land taken from or given up by the other twenty families having been put under sheep by the factor. The people, who presumably were less valuable than the sheep, in some cases left the country altogether, while those that remained were provided with half crofts on another part of the estate. For instance, a crofter who perhaps had a ten pound croft, say, at Milovaig was requested to give up the one half of it to a crofter removed from Ramasaig, a corresponding reduction being made in the rent. In this way, while the sheep stocks under the charge of the factor were increasing, the status of the crofters was gradually diminishing, and the necessity for their depending more and more on other industries than the cultivation of their croft was increasing. To illustrate this all the more forcibly, I may state that the crofters at Ramasaig had eight milk cows and their followers, and about forty sheep on each whole croft—altogether over a hundred head of cattle and from 300 to 400 sheep. Lower Kell was similarly cleared. At this meeting of the crofters, to which I have alluded, it was resolved that, as a body, they should adopt a united course of action. They were all similarly situated. Each man and each township had a grievance, and no individual was to be called upon to make a separate claim. Each township or combination of townships was to make one demand, and if any punishment should follow on such an act of temerity, it should not be allowed to fall on any one person, but on the united body as a whole. To guard against any backsliding, and to prevent any weakling or chicken-hearted leaguer (if any should exist) from falling out of the ranks, they, one and all, subscribed their names in a book, pledging themselves as a matter of honour to adhere in a body to the resolution thus arrived at. The scheme having thus been formulated, each township or combination proceeded to get up petitions embodying their respective cases, and sending them to the trustees, Professor Macpherson, of Edinburgh, and his brother.

The tenants of Skinidin claim two islands, opposite their crofts, in Loch Dunvegan. Apart from this they complain that they do not get the quantity of seaweed to which they were entitled. This may appear to some a small matter, but to the cultivator of a croft it is a matter of great importance, for seaware is the only manure which he can conveniently get excepting, of course, the manure produced by the cows. The quantity of ware promised to the Skinidin crofters was one ton each, but the one-half of it, they say, was taken from them some time ago, and given to the "wealthy men" and favourites of the place. The result is that they have to cross to the opposite side of Loch Dunvegan and buy sea-ware there at 3s 6d per ton. This is not only an outlay of money, which the poor crofters can ill afford to incur, but it also entails great labour, which is attended with no inconsiderable danger to life. The crofters accordingly demand the quantity of ware, to which, they say, they are entitled.

The Colbost tenants, to the number of twenty-five, also put in a petition, in which they complained of high rents, and stated that owing to incessant tilling the land is becoming exhausted, and ceasing to yield that crop which they might fairly expect. In 1848, they say they got Colbost with its old rights at its old rent with the sanction of the proprietor. The local factor, Norman Macrailld, subsequently deprived them of these privileges, while the rents were being constantly increased. They accordingly demand that their old privileges be restored and the rents reduced to the old standard, otherwise they will not be able to meet their engagements.

I will next take the petition of the Harmaravirein crofters. The place is occupied by John Campbell, who pays £9 15s 4d; John Maclean, £5 3s 4d; John Mackay, £6 2s 8d; and Donald Nicolson, £4 12s. The petition, which was in the following terms, deserves publicity:—"We, the crofters of Harmaravirein, do humbly show by this petition that we agree with our fellow-petitioners in Glendale as to their requests. We do, by the same petition, respectfully ask redress for grievances laid upon us by a despotic factor, Donald Macdonald, Tormore, who thirteen years ago for the first time took from us part of our land, against our will, and gave it to others, whom he drove from another quarter of the estate of Glendale, to extend his own boundaries, and acted similarly two years ago, when he dispersed the Ramasaig tenantry. We, your humble petitioners, believe that none of the grievances mentioned were known to our late good and famous proprietor, being an absentee, in whom we might place our confidence had he been present to hear and grant our request. As an instance of his goodwill to his subjects the benefits he bestowed on the people of St Kilda are manifest to the kingdom of Great Britain. We, your petitioners, pray our new proprietors to consider our case, and grant that the tenantry be reinstated in the places which have been cleared of their inhabitants by him in Tormore."

The petition of the Upper and Lower Milovaig and Borrodale crofters set forth that, notwithstanding their going north and south all over the country to earn their bread, they are still declining into poverty. The crofts too are getting exhausted through constant tilling. Before 1845 they say there were only 16 families in the two Milovaigs and one in Borrodale. There are now 5 in Borrodale, 19 in Upper Milovaig, and 20 in Lower Milovaig, averaging six souls in every family. The rent before 1845 for the two Milovaigs was £40. At the date mentioned Macleod of Macleod, who was then proprietor, divided each of the two Milovaigs into 16 crofts. They prayed that they might get the lands of Waterstein now tenanted by Dr Martin. The petition concluded—"Further we would beg, along with our fellow-petitioners in Glendale, that the tenantry who have been turned out of Lowerskill, Ramsaig, and Hamara by our ill-ruling factor be reinstated."

The tenants of Holmesdale and Liepbein, 29 in number, in their petition, stated that 48 years ago the place was let to ten tenants at about £60, and afterwards relet to 25 tenants at about £85, besides a sum of £3 2s 6d for providing peats for the proprietor. The rents, they say, have nearly doubled since then, and the inhabitants increased, the present number being nearly 200, occupying 33 dwellings. There was much overcrowding, there being as many as 15 persons upon crofts of four acres. The petition contained the following estimate of factors:—"Unless poor crofters are to be protected by the proprietor of the estate, we need not expect anything better than suppression from factors who are constantly watching and causing the downfall of their fellow-beings, in order to turn their small portion of the soil into sheep walks." These tenants prayed that the evicted townships of Lowergell, Ramasaig, and Hamara should be restored to the tenants, and thus to afford relief to the overcrowded townships. The crofters of Glasvein said they had no hill pasture for sheep, and no peat moss to get their fuel from. When some of the present crofters, they say, came into the possession of their crofts, the township of Glasvein was allotted to seven tenants, each paying an average rent of £5, whereas now the township is in the possession of 12 crofters, paying each an average rent of £4 or so. They accordingly sought to have this matter remedied.

It is but right to state that the factor—Mr Donald Macdonald, Tormore—takes exception to several of the statements contained in the petition.

In conclusion, I may state that the tenants of Glendale appear to be all hard-working, industrious men, and their houses are better, on the whole, than any crofter district that I have yet visited in Skye. The soil seems to be more fertile, it is well drained, and comparatively well cultivated. The men seem to be thoroughly intelligent, and some of them not only read newspapers, but have very decided opinions in regard to certain newspapers. One of these [the *Scotsman*] I heard spoken of as "The United Liar." But newspaper reading—that is Liberal newspaper reading—is not encouraged in Glendale. One man whom I met informed me that a crofter in Glendale was accused of reading too many newspapers, a circumstance which the factor strongly suspected accounted for the heinous crime of the crofter being a Liberal. At one time there were some small shops in Glendale, but these would appear to have practically vanished. Some years ago the factor set up a meal store himself, and the crofters, I am informed, were given to understand that shopkeepers would have to pay a rent of £2 each for these so-called shops, in addition to their rents. No one, however, appears to have ever been asked to pay this, but the shops ceased to exist. [Perhaps the most indefensible custom of all was to compel the incoming tenant to pay up the arrears, however large a sum, of his predecessor. This appeared so incredible that no one present felt justified in publishing it; but on consulting the factor personally, he not only admitted but actually defended the practice as a kind of fair enough premium or "goodwill" for the concern, and said it was quite a common practice in the Isle of Skye. We would describe it in very different terms, but that is unnecessary. It only wants to be stated to be condemned as an outrage on public morality by all honest men.] As I left the place the crofters were in great glee at the prospect of a visit from the trustees to arrange matters with them. They are hopeful that important concessions may be made to them, and if these hopes should not be realised, they appear to be animated with an unflinching determination to stand by one another, and, shoulder to shoulder, agitate for the redress of what they firmly maintain to be great and serious grievances.

I have left myself now but little space to speak of the condition of affairs on the estate of Dr Martin. This estate is one which is of great interest to the Highlanders. Borreraig, one of the townships in revolt, was anciently held rent free by the Macrimmons, the hereditary pipers of Macleod of Dunvegan. The principal grievance complained of by the crofters may be briefly rehearsed. The crofters are required to sell to the laird all the fish they catch at a uniform rate of sixpence for ling and fourpence for cod, and I have actually been informed of a case where some one was accused at a semi-public meeting of interfering in a sort of clandestine way with the doctor's privileges by buying the fish at higher prices. The crofters were also required to sell their cattle to the doctor's bailiff at his own price. A man spoke of his having some time ago sold a stirk to a foreign drover, and was after all required to break his bargain with the drover and hand over the animal to the bailiff. [This bailiff was, however, dismissed last Whitsunday, a fact stated in defence by Dr Martin's friends.] Tenants are also required to give eight free days' labour in the year to the laird, failing that to pay a penalty of 2s 6d per day; and while thus working, I was informed that if any one by accident broke any of the tools he used, he was required to pay for the damage. The breaking of a shearing hook subjected the man who did it to pay 2s 6d for it. I am aware that the friends of the laird maintain that the labour thus contributed by the people is in reality not for labour, but an equivalent for a portion of the rent. This is a very plausible excuse, but it won't bear examination. If it is regarded as a part of the rent, rates should be paid upon it, and the "annual value" or rent returned to the

county valuator each year should be the amount actually paid in money plus the value of the eight days' labour. Thus either the labour is free, or there is an unjust and inequitable burden thrown on the other crofters in the parish who do not perform such labour, as, of course, the labour given by Dr Martin's tenants is not rated. The tenants have now struck against performing this work, and Dr Martin's work was done this year on ordinary day labour.

The people also complain that the hill hand was taken from the tenants of Galtrigill, and the hill grounds of Borreraig, the neighbouring township, thrown open to them. This was a very material curtailment of the subjects let, but in addition sums of from 10s to 30s were added to the rent of each holding. No crofter on the estate has a sheep or a horse, and they are obliged to buy wool for their clothing from a distance, as Dr Martin will not sell them any. The tenants paid their rents at Martinmas last, but they have given notice that unless their demands are conceded they will not pay the rent due at Martinmas next. The leading points of their petition are that the rents be reduced, the old land-marks restored, and the hill grounds as of old given to them. This petition the tenants sent to Dr Martin some time ago, but he has not yet made any reply. The tenants do not appear to be very hopeful that he will make any concession, but they are evidently determined to walk in the same paths as their neighbours on the estate of Sir John Macpherson Macleod, and they are in great hopes that the friends of the Gael in the large towns of the south will manfully aid them in their battle against landlordism. Dr Martin generally denies the allegations of his tenants.

THE SKYE CROFTERS AND THE PRESS.—The following newspapers were represented in the Isle of Skye during the week commencing on Sunday, the 16th of April. Mr Alexander Gow of the *Dundee Advertiser* and the *People's Journal* was on the ground a few days earlier, and Mr Macleod Ramsay of the *Glasgow Citizen* appeared on the scene in the same steamer that brought the authorities and the police to Portree from Glasgow and Inverness. On the afternoon of Wednesday, the 19th, Mr Dunn of the *Scotsman*, Mr Allan of the *Glasgow Herald*, Mr Proudfoot of the *Glasgow Mail*, Mr Cruickshank of the *Inverness Courier*, and Mr Nairne, sub-editor of the *Northern Chronicle*, made their appearance. Later on, Mr Barron, editor of the *Courier*; Mr Cameron, the war correspondent of the *London Standard*, who was sent down specially from London; and Mr Gordon, from the *Glasgow News*, turned up. A more intelligent body of men, taking them all in all, it has not been our lot to meet; and if their opinions generally, based on the facts which they ascertained on the spot, guided their respective editors, the actual opinions expressed by the Scottish press would be very much stronger in favour of the crofter than it has even yet become. As we write a very marked change has come over the *Courier* in the short space of less than a week; but we presume, until an order is issued from the Whig headquarters, that the *Scotsman*, who hates the crofters a great deal more than Satan, is hopeless, in spite of any experience it may have obtained. Mr Gow and Mr Ramsay, who were the only representatives of the press on the ground on Wednesday morning, and saw the whole scrimmage, did excellent work in the most trying circumstances. The *Courier* and *Chronicle* were the only northern organs specially represented in the island, except ourselves, which, we fear, speaks little for the sympathy and interest of our Highland newspapers in the native population. On Sunday, the 23d, Mr Dunlop of the *Freeman's Journal* appeared on the ground, and others are said to be on their way north, and yet the proprietors will continue to shut their eyes to the pass at which we have arrived.

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